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ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

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WHOLE NO. 131.

From the Massachusetts Quarterly Review.
The Mexican War.

BY THEODORE PARKER.
(Continued.)

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to
gild—
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

What is the conduct of the famous

mountains of the world which enfold show
the dawn and latest hold the lingering rays
of the departing sun; foremost prophets of
the day when morning promises to come;
most conservative of light when darkness
shrouds the vulgar plains. But great politi-
cians are but the steeples of America, whose
topmost summit bears—a weather-cock—
There are, in America, amongst her children,
four famous men. We shall not now discuss
their general merits, nor attempt to decide
whether they are politicians—who interpret
the interests of a party, or statesmen who
incarnate principles in a nation's life. These
four tower far above the vulgar mass that
drive a thriving trade in politics; are most
conspicuous men—beheld far off at sea. They
have been long in public life, and all four may
be deemed competitors for the chair of the
President. What has been their conduct?

Mr. Benton spoke nobly against annexation,
and voted for it. Voted also for the war.
Mr. Calhoun—so often superior to party ties
—is the author of annexation, and voted for
the war. These two belong to the party in
power, and men might have looked for their
allegiance. The two others are hostile to the
administration: have they been hostile to the
war? Mr. Clay is a private man—and there-
fore has not been called on to take any official
stand in relation to this matter. But in
December, 1846, at the celebration of a mem-
orable event in the history of America, he
was seated at table, and made a reply, which
was thus reported in the newspapers of the
time: "Although leading a life of retire-
ment, I am not wholly unobservant of the
proceedings relating to the condition, welfare,
and prospects of our country. And when I
saw around me to-night, Gen. Brooke, and
other old friends, I felt half inclined to ask
some work or corner in the army, in which I
might serve, to avenge the wrongs done to my
country. I have thought that I might yet be
able to capture or slay a Mexican. I shall not
be able to do so, but I shall hope that
success will still crown our gallant arms,
and the war terminate in an honorable peace."
To add yet more to the shame of America,
this speech was delivered at the dinner of the
Sons of New England, on the 23d of Decem-
ber, met to celebrate the landing of the Fore-
fathers of New England on Plymouth Rock.
Poor men! in that patriotic blood of theirs
was there no tinge from the heart of the Pil-
grims! Could they not, on that day, amid
the feasting, the wine, and the revelry, amid
the "great applause," could they not for a mo-
ment think of those coteries of the world
who are in the name of Justice to found a
state? Oh, no. How could they think of
that! There stood one of the foremost men
of America, hoping to "capture or slay a
Mexican!" the son of some woman that never
injured him—who might go down, heart-
broken and refusing to be comforted, in sor-
row to her grave. Alas—could he have
known it—vain man, how soon he is doomed
to weep at the "inscrutable Providence," by
which his own son, the dear one, lies slain,
in battle—not slain by a great statesman, but
by some vulgar bullet of a nameless soldier,
who fought for his country, her glories, and
her honors, while American volunteers fell
glorious and disgraced, a willing murderer,
in that war so treacherous and so cruel. The
father who had hoped to "slay a Mexican,"
shall find but consolation in the cold lips
of his only son. Is Providence so "in-
scrutable?" He who would lead death upon
the sons of other men—shall he not feel it in
his own home?

But the great champion of the north, that
man of giant intellect which dwarfs his three
competitors to littleness, himself perhaps un-
equaled among living men in magnificence
of understanding—he has stood on Plymouth
Rock, and his words which found a footing
there have gone as pilgrims to be forgotten
of mighty deeds—in his humbler men!
How broke the thunders of that unequalled
eloquence, which so oft before had shaken
every heart! Did he thunder in the Senate,
and lighten all over the land till wondering
nations saw it from afar? Let us look at
this. He had condemned annexation. "It
struck a blow at the influence of our institu-
tions. Thank God I did not slumber over
that danger." He had condemned the war;
it was "illegal," unconstitutional, unjust; a
war of pretext; "a presidential war." The
President's action was "an impeachable of-
fense;" the Mexicans were weak, distracted,
the prey of military tyrants. She "has had
nothing that deserved to be called a govern-
ment;" and America is strong and united.

In making war, the President had "very
much nullified an important provision of the
Constitution." Yet Mr. Webster could say,
at Philadelphia, Dec. 2d, 1846,

"Nevertheless, war is upon us, armies are
in the field, navies are upon the sea. We
believe that the government ought immediately
to bring the war to a conclusion, if possible.
But while the war lasts, [this unjust and
unconstitutional war] while soldiers are
on land, and seamen on the sea, uphold-
ing the flag of our country, you feel, and I
feel, and every American feels, that they must
be honored to the country to which they belong.
Where can we look for such readiness, calm-
ness, bravery, and majesty, as in these volun-
teers? The most distinguished incident in

the history of our country—the good con-
duct of the militia—of new raised levies from
amongst the people, is, perhaps, that of the
battle of Bunker Hill. I might go further
and say, that at Bunker Hill the newly raised
levies and recruits sheltered themselves behind
some temporary defences, but at Monterey the
volunteers assailed a fortified city."

Nor was that all; but the day before, ad-
dressing a body of volunteers, misguided
young men who probably had never consid-
ered the justice of the war, nor asked whether
they were to fight for slavery or freedom—
he could cheer and encourage them to fight
in a war which he declared "illegal," and
threatened to impeach the President for his
conduct in carrying it on!

Such was the conduct of that man on whom
nature has lavished so prodigally her gifts—
"a kindly intellect, a heart of noble make."
In the Senate what did he do to end the war?
To "impeach" the President! Nothing. So
far as opposition to the war is concerned—no
mouse in the wall could have lain still or
more snug. All winter he sat in his seat busy
—but with other things. The instigators
of the invasion passed by and said: "See,
Webster is the friend of the war." Had he
not a son invested in that enterprise?

Such is the conduct of the four most emi-
nent men of America. No one of them op-
poses the war. Does any one say a good word
against it—he is sure to eat that word the
next day. The war is thought "glorious,"
and called "patriotic;" men are bid to fight
the war of their country, "right or wrong."
How few remember that to fight on the wrong
side is to fight against the country. The
"glory" of the enterprise, what does it amount
to? Why, if the United States were to con-
quer all Mexico, viewed as a military exploit
the glory of the deed would be nothing. As
well might the Horse-guards at London claim
glory because they had chased a crowd of
women from Billingsgate, and driven them
up Ludgate hill. We make no doubt, that
a private company for the conquest of Mexico
might be got up in Boston, which in two
years' time would conquer that country, and
keep in—perhaps for ever. The glory which
twenty millions of "Anglo-Saxons" are likely
to get from conquering the miserable popu-
lation of Mexico is glory in the wrong col-
umn, even when looked at merely with the
unscrupulous eyes of a soldier. It seems sur-
prising all men cannot see that such a glory
is only a shame. One day the people must
awaken. Justice will at last hold a stern
reckoning with the memories of our famous
men.

But what is the real cause which lay
at the bottom of the national design, produced
annexation, and made and prosecuted the war
for the partition of Mexico? There is a power
behind the constitution, but greater than
the constitution itself, rising above and pro-
jecting beyond it; yes, greater than Congress
—overshadowing the "unalienable rights"
of man; we mean the institution of domestic
slavery. Despot monarchs of the old world
are too liberal and enlightened to allow it any
longer in their domain. It is cleared off from
the soil of Western Europe. The Bey of
Tunis solemnly says to the world, "It is a
very cruel thing, and our heart shrinks from
it." "We have abolished man's slavery in
all our dominions." "All slaves that shall
touch our territory shall become free." Even
Mexico, weak, semi-barbarous, Mexico, will
have no slaves on her soil. But in Demo-
cratic America it has found an asylum, a
home. The egg was laid surreptitiously in
the nest of the American Eagle, who now
loves its ghastly and hideous disclosure bet-
ter than all her legitimate brood, when food
and young comforted her, degrading what
was not destroyed. The American Eagle
broods over this happy with fond delight,
caressing it with beak and wing. For that
she plunders the living and tears the dead—
slain for the insatiate crew.

The constitution of the United States, in
spirit and letter, defends slavery; the laws
are on its side. There is not a state in the
Union which dares say with that Mohamedan
prince—"All slaves that touch our terri-
tory shall become free." Neither political
party is opposed to it; both favor, both
love it—now with open ardor, now with long-
ings in secret. A resolution refusing to ex-
tend the area of slavery is consistently passed
down at the convention of political democrats
in the heart of Massachusetts. Scarce a promi-
nent man in the whig party is prominently
opposed to it. The great politicians who
reach to the upper currents of the popular air
all point that way; the little politicians whose
stature does not exceed the range of gusts
and eddies in the street, tell mainly the same
tale. Certainly the politicians of America—
the large dealers and the little hucksters of
politics—are its friends. They oppose it;
how could they! With here and there an
exception, the American churches are also
on its side, and can quote scripture for their
purpose, defending it in the name of God—
"Southern slavery," with its boasting tone,
and the "morality of the North," with its
cripping gait, are united in its defence. The
press supports it—the newspapers, with their
but continuous talk, and the grave, sober
literature, an imitation of English models in
all besides—is American only in its support
of slavery! It is this which annexed Texas,
this which began the war.

Slavery is the idol of America. Men of
sharpest intellect—who differ on most other mat-
ters of national concern—agree in defence of
this. But its subtlest apology—as of all evil
—is in the name of God. "No man," said
Mr. Simms, of South Carolina, in his speech
in Congress, "no man who reads his Bible
and who is a Christian, can denounce slave-
ry as immoral. The very first steps taken
by the French encyclopedists for overthrow-
ing the authority of the Bible was to publish
to the world that slavery was wrong in prin-
ciple, and then that the Bible was the advocate
of slavery." "It is founded on the laws of
God, written in the climate and soil of the
country." "It is your inferior clergy," says
an able writer, "a northern man with south-
ern citizenship," "that are teaching that
slavery is contrary to the laws of God;" "you
cannot abolish slavery, for God is pledged to
sustain it."

The idol is popular; to refuse its worship
is found dangerous; to oppose it is fanat-
icism," but to be on its side, to feed it with
praise and blood, is "honorable," "patriotic,"
"popular." Well said the father of his country,
in his farewell address: "Real patriots,
who may resist the intrigues of the fanat-
ics, will find that the only way to preserve
while its tools and dupes usurp the applause
and confidence of the people to surround
their interests."

The slaveholder wanted new territory, for
slaves were falling in value on the soil of the
old states. In 1839, Mr. Upshur said in the
Virginia convention, "If it should be our lot
to acquire Texas, their price will rise." In
1842, Mr. Gholson, of the same state, thought
"the acquisition of Texas would raise their
price fifty per cent." It was feared or pretend-
ed, that Texas might abolish slavery; so in
1843, Mr. Upshur, then American Secretary
of State, wrote officially to our minister in
Texas, "the establishment in the very midst
of our slaveholding states of an independent
government forbidding the existence of slave-
ry, could not fail to produce the most un-
happy effects." "There could not be any secu-
rity for that species of property." Annexa-
tion "is absolutely necessary to the salvation
of the South." In 1844, he wrote to our min-
ister in England, "If Texas should not be
attached to the United States, we cannot
maintain that institution (of slavery), ten
years, and probably not half that time."

No the South must have Texas, and extend
slavery over the soil whence the Mexicans
had scourged it out. Could the North pre-
vent it! Most certainly; even little New
England could have prevented it. Mr. Web-
ster, who gratuitously thanks God that he
"did not slumber over that danger," says,
"New England might have prevented it if
she would, but her people would not be so
But, long before New England learned

"To crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
That thrift may follow fawning."

The most disinterested enthusiasm of this
day—long directed against slavery in general,
fought against this special act, and a few no-
ble men spoke loud and long, but to reluctant
ears and cold hearts. Had their counsel been
followed, we should have had no annexation,
no invasion, no war. But a false idea had
gone abroad in New England—that Southern
slavery is profitable to the North. "The chi-
valry" and the "morality" have on common
affection—the love of their country, not the
love of Right, but the love of gain! No
New England assented to annexation, the
North assented, a Whig Senate annexing
Texas, the fatal dower of slavery in her hand,
with the expectation of a reward. The South
has its wish, the North its reward. The Na-
tion lauds the violation of her constitution,
the debasement of her great men—it is vio-
lated by slavery, and to that her sons have
bowed the neck; she beholds the betrayal of
her honor—it was betrayed by slavery; she
mourns for thousands of her children slain;
they were murdered by slavery—whom she
clings still for more. Behold the beginning
of the end—which is not the end itself.

* See letters in the New York Courier and
Enquirer to Hon. George P. Marsh, by "a
northern man with southern citizenship."

Speech in Faneuil Hall, Nov. 6th, 1846.

From the Liberator.

Dissolution of the Union.

Bridgewater, Dec. 25, 1847.

FRIEND GARRISON—I perceive by the
Liberator, that the Disunion Petition is again
sent forth for signatures, accompanied by an
earnest request from the Board of Managers
of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,
that the friends of freedom, throughout the
State, will give it an extensive circulation.
Wishing to give my support to all moral
causes, designed against the abominable in-
stitution of slavery—and also wishing clearly
to see the efficiency of such means, before
I commence working with them—I would
like to state, in the columns of the Liberator,
an objection which had been raised in my
mind in respect to the doctrine of Disunion,
trusting that you, or some one of your read-
ers, will reply, and enlighten me upon the
subject. Perhaps you may think it trifling.
I think it probable that you do, as I have
never seen it touched upon in the Liberator.
But it appears to me to be an insuperable ob-
jection, and one that deters me, last win-
ter, from signing the petition.

I cannot see how the doctrine of Disunion
can be an available position for abolitionists
to take. It looks to me like taking a minis-
trous step forward, but treading on noth-
ing.

Were the Northern States fully ripe in an-
ti-slavery truth—were they fully convinced
how closely they are connected with slavery
by the Constitution—and were they a minority
in Congress, and unable to sever such
connection, while remaining under the Con-
stitution—then, with you, would I cry for
Disunion! But no one is better aware than
yourself, that this is far from being the case.
The base and servile course of Northern poli-
ticians speaks too loud for us to be deceived
in this matter. Anti-Slavery, instead of be-
ing ripe in the North, is but just germinat-
ing. It still needs the refreshing showers
of truth, which flow from devoted hearts,
and the sunshine of such minds as are radiant
with heavenly principles. It appears to me,
that the duty of abolitionists is still to dis-
seminate truth, unconnected with any issue
save the overthrow of slavery. Let them

* We have followed the report of this
speech in Niles' Register. The language in
the Pennsylvania Inquirer is a little more in-
tense.

the errors of the Constitution; let
them hold it up streaming with the blood of
victims; let them, if possible, prove it a
compact with death, and an agreement with
hell; and when they have convinced the
people of these things, they will be ready, I
think, to reform the Constitution, and there-
by make Disunion unnecessary. They
are at least ready to do this, as soon as
they are ready for Disunion, as the same
is to be done in both cases—i. e., con-
sider the people of the inquiry of their pre-
compact. And if Disunion can be so
avoided, is it not imprudent and un-
wise to go forward? Is it not throwing
away our only chance? If the North would
do its duty a few years, at most, it
could make the Constitution perfectly unex-
ceptionable, as far as slavery is concerned.
Then let abolitionists make it their work
arouse the North to this duty, and not rest
till it is effectually done, nor step forward
and leave it behind. I have several other
points in view which I wish to touch upon,
but have already exceeded my article to an
unreasonable length, for which I beg both
your pardon, and the pardon of your readers.

Yours, in the cause of Humanity.

REMARK.

We publish the above letter at length, be-
cause, it is said, the objection to Disunion
which the author presents, is one often met
with.

Concise stated, it amounts to this;—The
Free States, if guided by right principle,
could not do all their duty to the slave un-
der the Constitution, and could amend it
where it is defective—to demand such an
amendment would be less startling and of-
fensive, than to cry out for a dissolution of
the Union;—the same change of public opin-
ion which must precede dissolution, would
amplify and sooner suffice for radical amend-
ment;—and hence Disunion is unnecessary.

Why, then, do we ask for Disunion? We
answer:
1st. Because it is the duty of the Free
States to dissolve the Union. They are im-
mediately to "cease to do evil," not wait, clas-
ping bloody hands, in hopes that the brotherly
pressure and aid may induce their fellows
to reform. The bandit is instantly to quit
robbery—not linger in the band, in hopes to
convert his comrades. How long may we
in vain remain hunting up and sending
back fugitives—covering Mexico with armies
and chains, and bullying the slave population
into silence—in hopes the South at last will
be induced to "re-form," and cease to do evil
from these disgraceful duties? We may in-
crease our numbers, but as long as we remain
in the Union, continued slaveholding is
sinful, and we continue to do evil, and
hoping thereby to win his neighbors' easier
to hear the voice of one who shares with
them in the sin he denounces. Our corres-
pondent believes in the duty of immediate
emancipation. Let him work out, at leisure,
the answer to the above question.

Does he reply—Granting all you say, the
Constitution may be amended as immediately
as quickly as the Union can be dissolved.
Hence your remarks are not in point." We
answer, no. Each man may dissolve his
connection with the Union, the very moment
his conscience is convinced of the sin of re-
maining in it. Each State may do the same.
Half a dozen States, New England, may cut
look at once, by one decisive act. If, in-
stead of this remedy, we set about to amend
the Constitution, we must first mean to
secure the constitutional majority, then
quarters of all the States, before our object
can be accomplished. The men of the States,
that are attempting this course, must remain
in the Union, voting, acting, paying, arming,
surrendering, hunting slaves, putting down in-
surrections, etc. etc. till the required num-
ber are converted to their aid. Abolition must
remain in Satan's camp, forging cannon, and
hurting defiance at Michael and the armies
of the Most High, till that happy time when
he too can "draw off" the more than a third
part of the fallen host; and "go with the
multitude to do well." Not so thought Mil-
ton.

In a word, immediately ceasing to do evil is
our rule. Dissolution of the Union is a
course, by which a man or State may imme-
diately disengage themselves from the sin of
sustaining slavery. The distant hope of
Constitutional amendment not only allows,
but makes it necessary, that we should re-
main in the Union, performing its sinful re-
quirements while they continue the law of
the land, in order to effect our object. North-
ern ministers and politicians act on this plan
when they buy a slave or two, in order to
have a good influence on the subject among
their neighbors. This continuing in sin that
we may "retain our influence," reminds us of
the benediction of a good French bishop, on
hearing of the canonization of an old friend—
"Ah! I knew him well, an excellent fellow,
—he would cheat at cards; but then his ex-
cuse was, he did it that he might be able to
help the poor!"

Dissolution may be the work of a minority.
Before we can amend, we must become a
majority. A man, or a State can refuse to
recognize a law—it requires many to change
one. The Constitution must be amended in
the house of its friends. Open eyes and the
experience of fifty years have left few aboli-
tionists in that catalogue. In common hon-
esty, it must be amended by those who still
remain its subjects, and are willing to work
through its prescribed forms. Can abolition-
ists draw in that harness? The Constitution
must be amended by those who still vote un-
der it, and choose their Representatives with
this object in view. But we cannot use the
ballot.

Does our friend say—I would not so work
I would not vote; but, standing aloof, I
would urge you to amend their laws." We
reply—You then, as an individual, dis-
solve your connection with the Union. Can
it be wrong or unwise for a man to advise

others,—then or States similarly circumstan-
ced with himself,—to act as he has felt obli-
gated to do? A non-voter makes but a sorry
figure when, clapping the voter on the shoul-
der, he cries—"Go on voting, friend, wicked
as it is, but do amend your Constitution, or
I cannot touch it." Better far when, proph-
et-like, shaking the dust from his feet, he
takes up the testimony of Truth against the
Babylon of each age—"Come out of her, my
people!"—"Touch not the accursed thing!"
—"Break up that Union!" "tis a covenant with
death." Which rebuke, think you, will be
soonest heeded?

2d. We ask for Disunion rather than an
amendment, because, we believe, the amend-
ment would not reach the cause of the diffi-
culty. The terms of the Constitution are not
the real cause of trouble. Union itself be-
tween a slave and free State is impossible,
without guilt. What is the union of States?
It is a putting into common of their money,
arms, influence, character, and laws. One
holds the other up—guarantees peace in the
domains of the other. This is the neces-
sary basis of a Union, before any specific
terms are decided on. Without it, no Union
is possible. Now what is the union of States?
It is the "order" which reigns in a slave
State! It is the "order" which reigns in a
slave State, when Nicholas stamped out with
his heel the last spark of Polish rights.
"Peace," "Law and order," in a slave State,
means holding the oppressor's heel firmly on
the neck of the slave. They mean, bullying
the slave into such stillness, that the master
can eat and sleep in peace. This is what a
free State actually does, when she links her-
self to a slave state, no matter what be the
terms of the agreement.

The union of the Northern and Southern
Church manifests this. No specific pledges
were ever made, no compromise in words
agreed to. Still, silently and sure as the
working of gravity, the fane of Northern
principle has sunk lower and lower, while
what of character it has left is used to cover
up Southern delinquency, and browbeat the
conscience of the world.

No amendment, then, except one abolish-
ing slavery, root and branch, would be of any
use. It would be idle to propose such an
one. The man in the fable, who wanted to
cross a stream, and stood waiting for it to
run away, was a wise, not to say a restless and
impatient person, compared with the aboli-
tionists who should remain in the Union, and
put off ceasing to sustain slaves, till such an
amendment could be carried. It is very cer-
tain that the South, as a whole, would much
sooner consent to Disunion, than to grant
such power to the Federal Government.

Slavery in this country will never be abol-
ished at a blow. It will crumble piecemeal—
State by State—perhaps, county by county.
Kentucky bids fair to fall away first—West-
ern Virginia, perhaps, next, and so on. But
to clear the North from sin, the plan must be
general, and finished at once. While one
State clings to her infamy, all the comprome-
ses of the Constitution apply in full force.
And it is certain while any number remain
slave States, those clauses will not be inter-
fered with. South Carolina and Mississippi,
poor bankrupts, would cut loose from forty
States, before they would part with the lit-
tle property they have been able to steal from
their rightful owners.

3d. To propose a dissolution of the Union
is the best way of holding up such a mirror
to the national mind, as makes it to see its
own deformity. It gives men an opportuni-
ty of measuring themselves by a rule of ab-
solute right. Amendment is a word hack-
neyed by application to questions of mere
expediency—traffic, banks, etc. It suggests
not the idea of right or wrong, but only con-
siderations of which is best and most useful.
It presupposes that one is to remain and obey
the law, while it lasts, and in the character
of a voting citizen, work for its change.

Conscience sleeps under such a call, and lets
the intellect, cold and judicial, decide the
point. Disunion startles a man to thought.
It takes a lazy abolitionist by the throat, and
thunders in his ear, "Thou art the slaveholder!"
After that, let him vote, if he can, and
much good may it do him.

This nation has been covered by wave af-
ter wave of anti-slavery agitation; each one,
as the scripture says, leaving the last state
worse than the first. Why? Because men
talked then of the slave's chain, as if it were
a great way off—forgetting to open their own
hands, good North-men, priests, pedlars and
politicians! where they would have found
one end of that chain securely fastened, and
seen themselves the slave's jailors. They
swore annually to return fugitives, and then,
wiping their lips, talked loud of amending
the Constitution! Pushed the sin conveni-
ently back on to the shoulders of their an-
cestors, and left repentance for their chil-
dren.

At length, there arose a Nathan, who took
this huge Northern hypocrite by the beard,
and said, "Thou art the slaveholder!" not
content to ask merely for straw, that the
people might make brick the easier,—no driv-
ing back of slavery into Constitutional, or
any other limits—but, "Let my people go!"
"HANDS OFF!"—that is the duty of the North.
His work will not need to be done a second
time.

It will require less change of public opin-
ion to amend the Constitution, than to dis-
solve the Union. The same state of public
feeling which could dissolve, would be pow-
erful enough to amend, and thus avert the
necessity of Disunion.

This is the argument. Granted. But that
is not the question. The question is, would
keeping the idea of Amendment, alone, be-
fore the people, ever work the needed change
in the public mind? It is only by arousing
conscience, by proclaiming the rigid rule of
duty, Disunion, that we can hope for such a
result.

Apart from the desire to keep ourselves
pure, to effect which we must needs from this
bloody government, our only object is,
the abolition of slavery. Now, Disunion
would be very soon followed by that. This
the wise and far-sighted Southerners know;

hence such cling to the Union. Now, the
North holds the master in his seat of wicked
power. We do not ask her to assist the slave
in rising against him, but we do demand that
at least she shall not continue to aid the mas-
ter in his oppression. The dread of insur-
rection, if we take our hands off the slave,
does not begin to justify us in continuing to
sustain the system. We, indeed, see nothing
but disaster in slave risings. How much
of active interference the North,—remember-
ing the banners and blessings she sent to Po-
land and Greece, and the eloquence with
which she fanned the flame of Revolution in
South America,—owes to the three millions
of slaves, prisoned, her strong arm alone has
kept her from fifty years how much the
North owes them, on her own principles, as
mere matter of consistency, or by way of
atonement, we need not say. Let us, at least,
stand aloof, and, as far as government is
concerned, leave both parties to the relations
God has established between them, that of
men, equals, and brothers.

The moral influence which a citizen of this
Union can exert against slavery, is just equi-
valent to that of a south riveting the slave's
chain, and asking the while, in meeching
tone, whether, after all, his business is right.
It is the hangman protesting against capital
punishment with one hand, as he cuts the
gallows' rope with the other. And, alas!
all the moral influence we shall be able to
give the slave, after we have cut loose from
the Compact, will be but a poor instalment
of that reparation we owe him for the long
years, during which we have thrown sword
and gold, ballot and communion cup, into
the scale against him. But though at the
eleventh hour, we may yet save some.

When the French invaded the Tyrol, the
peasants collected on the summit of the
hills which overhang the defiles—trees, ice,
masses of earth, and rocks—securely fixed
till the foreign soldiery appeared. Dead si-
lence reigned in those Alpine heights, as the
army advanced. At length, amid the gloom
of a defile surrounded by stupendous hills,
the cold silence was broken by a single voice,
the speaker unseen—"In the name of the Ho-
ly Trinity, CUT ALL LOOSE!"—a single stroke
was heard, and, in a moment, the invaders
were hidden forever beneath an avalanche
of ice and stone—sufficient for an army's
grave.

So say we—"Cut all loose!" Let us not
any longer hold back the storm, the very fear
of which will, we know, make the trembling
monster grant his victim a PEACEFUL AND
BLOODLESS EMANCIPATION.—W. F.

Mr. Polk's Thanksgiving Prayer.

To the Editor of the Boston Courier:

We are told that on the morning of the late
Thanksgiving day, Mr. Polk went devoutly
to church, and entered with usual fervor in-
to the exercises. Methought I stood near
him, and as his praises ascended, I heard, or
thought I heard, the response in a fearful sort
of whisper; and, as others may not have en-
joyed the same privilege, I give you the
prayer and the response as nearly as my shud-
dering soul can remember it:

Polk—Our Father in Heaven!
Response—(I am the Father of all men.)
Polk—I thank Thee for the favor shown
me and my people.
Response—(I am no respecter of persons.)
Polk—I thank Thee that thou hast blessed
our arms;
Response—(I have said, "Blessed are the
peace-makers.")
Polk—That thou hast laid our enemies in
the dust;
Response—(I have commanded thee to love
thy enemies.)
Polk—And slain strong men with the edge
of the sword;
Response—(I am the God of their widows
and orphans.)
Polk—Praised be thy name, that we have
overcome our neighbor;
Response—(I have required thee to love
him as thyself.)
Polk—And widely extended our borders.
Response—(I have forbidden thee to covet
thy neighbor's goods.)
Polk—Thou hast enabled us to take full
retribution for all our wrongs.
Response—(Vengeance is mine, saith your
God.)
Polk—O Lord, listen to this, my prayer—
Response—(I hear another, rising from the
oppressed.)
Polk—And accept this, my thankgiving—
Response—(Thy thoughts are not as my
thoughts.)
Polk—Through Him, who died for his en-
emies.
Response—(We unto you, hypocrites!)
Polk—Lead me not into temptation;
Response—(Thou hast already rushed into
it.)
Polk—But deliver me from the evil;
Response—(Congress will do so straight-
way.)
Polk—For thou art the kingdom—
Response—(Which thou hast usurped.)
Polk—And the power.
Response—(Which thou hast abused.)
Polk—And the glory—
Response—(Which has departed from thy
country.)
Polk—Forever and ever—
Response—(Amen.)

Fareyou in Wisconsin.—The following
resolution, introduced by Mr. King of Mil-
waukee, was adopted in the Wisconsin Con-
stitutional Convention by a decided vote:

Resolved, That the Committee on General
Provisions be instructed to inquire into the
expediency of incorporating into the Bill of
Rights an article prohibiting all magistrates,
or other officers, holding office by virtue of
any law of this state, from issuing any pro-
cess, or rendering any official assistance for
the arrest or imprisonment of any person
claimed as a fugitive from Slavery.

All remittances to be made, and all letters
relating to the pecuniary affairs of the paper,
to be addressed (post paid) to the Publishing
Agent. Communications intended for inser-
tion, to be addressed to the Editors.

TERMS:—\$1.00 per annum, in advance,
\$1.25 if paid within 3 mos. of the time of
subscribing, and \$1.50 if payment be de-
layed longer than 3 mos.

No subscription received for less than
six months, and all payments to be made
within 6 mos. of the time of subscribing.
Subscriptions for half a year to be increas-
ingly paid in advance.

The Methodist Church and Bishop Andrew.

FRIEND GARRISON:

A short time since, as I was addressing a large assembly on the connection of the Methodist Church with slavery, a minister of that denomination rose up, and charged me with bearing false witness, and added, with much earnestness, that the church had even deposed one of its bishops, only for marrying a lady who held slaves. A similar declaration has been often made, and I find the church generally believe it. It may be that the ministers know no better; though it is a defence of their hearts at great cost to their heads to suppose it.

I have before me the official proceedings relative to Bishop Andrew, in the General Conference of 1844, and will give a few very brief extracts. They were published by the Church at the Conference Office in New York.

After the subject had been many days under discussion, and no prospect of an adjournment had appeared, the four Bishops, beside Andrew, issued an address to the Conference, in which they say, (page 185)—

"At this painful crisis, we have unanimously concurred in the propriety of recommending the postponement of further action in the case of Bishop Andrew, until the ensuing Conference."

It was not done, however, and the discussion proceeded. At length, the following resolution was passed, as the sense of the Conference, (pp. 191-2)—

"Whereas, the Discipline of our church forbids the doing any thing calculated to destroy our internal moral superintendency; and whereas, Bishop Andrew has become connected with slavery, by marriage and otherwise, and this act having drawn after it circumstances, which, in the estimation of the General Conference, will greatly embarrass the exercise of his office as an itinerant general superintendent, if not in some places entirely prevent it; therefore,

Resolved, That it is the sense of this General Conference, that he desist from the exercise of his office, so long as this IMPEDIMENT remains."

The yeas and nays were taken, and the resolution was adopted, 111 to 69.

After some further discussion, the Bishops issued another address to the Conference, proposing the three following questions—p. 214 of Records—

"First—Shall Bishop Andrew's name remain, as it now stands in the Minutes, Hymn-Book and Discipline, or shall it be struck off of those official records?"

"Second—How shall the Bishop obtain his support? As provided for in the Discipline, or in some other way?"

"Third—What work, if any, may the Bishop perform? And how shall he be appointed to that work?"

It was moved to refer the questions to a committee of three, but the motion was afterwards withdrawn.

The following, from page 216 of the Record of Proceedings, tells the rest—

"Mr. Mitchell proposed the following resolutions, in reply to the inquiries of the Bishops—

Resolved, First—as the sense of this Conference, that Bishop Andrew's name stand in the Minutes, Hymn-Book and Discipline, as formerly.

Resolved, Second—that the rule in relation to the support of a Bishop and his family, applies to Bishop Andrew.

Resolved, Third—that whether any, and in what work Bishop Andrew be employed, is to be determined by his own decision and action, in relation to the previous action of this Conference in his case.

The yeas and nays were called on the first resolution. For it, 154; against it, 18. For the second resolution, yeas 111, nays 14.

Dr. Winans said he should go against the third resolution. The Discipline of the Church knew no discretion in an officer of recognized standing, to withdraw himself from the duties of his office.

By the two votes just passed, it was clear and unequivocal, that Bishop Andrew had an unquestioned standing as a Bishop of the M. E. Church by a vote of a large majority of that Church, and the provisions of the Discipline; and he congratulated the South on the fact that they had now a recognized slaveholding Bishop, whose name appeared on all their records, after being known as a slaveholder.

And that Bishop A. has no right to elect, whether he would serve, or in what way he would serve.

Mr. Cartwright thought his brother Winans should be happy.

Dr. Winans—I was happy.

Mr. Cartwright—Yes; but the brother was only happy in the false fires of his own warm imagination.

The yeas and nays were then taken on the third resolution. Several asked to be excused, some retired; and the result of the vote was, yeas 103, nays 67.

Such, then, was the expulsion of Bishop Andrew. A subsequent report of the Conference, adopted by a vote of 116 to 26, declares on page 232—

"The action of the General Conference was neither judicial nor punitive. It neither addressed, nor intended a deposition—NOR SO MUCH AS A LEGAL SUSPENSION!!"

Bishop Andrew is still a Bishop; and should he, against the expressed sense of the General Conference, proceed to the discharge of his functions, his official acts would be valid."

And yet the Methodist clergy tell the people, and make them believe it, and have done it in my meetings, that Bishop Andrew was expelled as a Bishop; for the crime of owning slaves.

Yours, to expose such lies and hypocrisy, PARKER PILLSBURY.

"A bill to repeal, in part, and modify the law of 1833, to prevent the importation of slaves into Kentucky, after a long discussion, was rejected in the Senate of that State by a vote of 17 to 19. A similarly unsuccessful effort to repeal that law has been made annually for many years."

"The true reading of Polk's declaration, according to Senator Clayton, is this—'indemnity for the past,' means one half of Mexico, and 'security for the future,' the other half. Directly so!—Connecticut Reporter."

The Boundary Commission.

The Ohio Press of the 3d inst. says:

The speaker of the Senate laid before that body yesterday, the report and arguments of the commissioners, who were appointed to meet similar commissioners on the part of Virginia to adjust the disputed boundary between that State and Ohio. The commissioners of this State were Thomas Ewing, John Brough, and James Collier. They met at Washington City in the beginning of January. We understand that the commission has failed to secure the great object of their appointment. The commissioners from Virginia were willing to let the thread of the channel of the river be the boundary between the two States. But they insisted that the privilege should be given to the citizens of Virginia, of holding their "property upon any part of the river as securely as if on their own shore; and farther that if the Supreme Court of Ohio should decide that this provision conflicted with that clause of our constitution which prohibits slavery, then, upon such decision, this compact for settlement of the boundaries, should become void and of no effect. It is evident that such a provision would, of itself, have nullified the whole compact, as the constitution of Ohio declares there shall be no slavery in this State.

FUGITIVES FROM SLAVERY.—In the N. York Senate on Tuesday, a report upon the subject of "further protection to personal liberty" was made, which after referring to the constitution of the U. States, and the decisions of the Supreme Court, upon the matter of escaped slaves, concludes as follows:

"The Committee are unanimously of opinion that as the State of New York, had no jurisdiction on the subject of fugitive slaves from other States previous to the formation of the United States Constitution; and as the State Legislature is prohibited from acting on this subject, as judges, sheriffs, and other State officers cannot legally act under the law of Congress, it is unnecessary to prohibit them from doing so by statute.

"The common law is sufficient, in its civil and criminal remedies, to punish all state officers who interfere with fugitive slaves. The power of retaking fugitive slaves is with the owner, assisted by the United States judges and marshals.

TIMES CHANGED.—One of the most celebrated lawyers of this city, received a letter from a client in St. Louis a short time since, in which he was commissioned with authority to hunt up, and apprehend a slave which had escaped from him, and who was playing the free man in Chicago. The lawyer, tho' no abolitionist, replied that he was not engaged in the business, thought it very doubtful whether any effort of the kind would be successful—if, however, he wished to persevere, it was possible that a lawyer might be found in this city, mean enough to undertake the job, but he did not know of any.—Chicago Citizen.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The opposition that any of our correspondents may have manifested to religion, has not been to religion proper, but to pro-slavery religion, to American religion, which brutalizes man. We know of no abolitionist who has any controversy with "pure religion and undefiled," which teaches its professors to "visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and keep themselves unspotted from the world;" but on the contrary would bid it God speed in its mission of benevolence and mercy.—Eds.]

A few words concerning Religion.

FRIENDS:—

I have noticed some expressions from correspondents of the Bugle, that seem to warrant the belief that the writers regard religion as one of the strongest friends of slavery, or at least a great impediment to the cause of anti-slavery. If there are any who believe so, there is a wide difference between us, and a comparison of views will do no harm.

Religion is as natural to man as benevolence, or combativeness, or caution, or reason, or perception, or any of the elements of the mind, each one being the result of the action of its appropriate portion of the brain. And every portion of the brain when very active, imparts its own character to the voice, so that competent judges may determine what state of mind a person is in by listening to his talk; any person may easily determine by the sound of the voice alone, whether a man is angry or in a good humor, whether he is at prayer, or playing with an infant.

Religion, strictly speaking, is nothing but the action of veneration, and has no tendency to make man oppose slavery, or any other vice. Men may be, and generally are, as mean with religion as without it, because it only prompts men to worship.

No matter how mean a man is, he had better have religion than not, because it is a source of happiness to himself that no other single element of his mind can furnish. It seems to me that all reformers should unite in extolling the value of worship, as I presume they are acquainted with the facts manifested by Phrenology. Another very important item, is conscientiousness, or conviction of duty; this should be studiously cultivated because it is the only source of principle; without it man is like a ship without a pilot or rudder.

I would advise a person in no cause to act contrary to his conviction of duty. The slaveholder should not be advised to free his slaves contrary to his sense of right; because it is the only moral lever by which the world can be regenerated. Only let this become the ruling principle in men, and light will follow, as certain as day follows night.

How long would it take to convince men that slavery is a great evil provided they were willing to obey the dictates of conscience in every particular? Anti-slavery men can show the great disparity between the profession, and practice of men claiming to be

The man that says he is a follower of Jesus and tolerates slavery and war, will do well to read Christ's sermon on the mount and see if he can find any justification for loading the persons of our brethren with chains, or perforating their bodies with lead and steel. Anti-slavery men should hold the example of Jesus continually up to the view of professors because his example and precepts manifest a strong combination of all the moral faculties unaccompanied by any of the propensities.

And it would be well to remember that as we would like to be taught, so we should aim to teach others; and only as we are willing to be condemned should we condemn.

Your Friend and Brother,
M. T. JOHNSON.
Short Creek, Harrison Co., O.
1st. mo. 13th, 1848.

[The following extract is from a letter from a friend in Meigs Co. If it was intended only for our information, we hope to be pardoned for laying it before our readers.—Eds.]

Long, January 12, 1848.

DEAR BROTHER:—

I find that Abolitionism, professed and practiced in union with principles of honor and virtue is quite detrimental to one's pecuniary interest, even in a community distinguished abroad for its devotion to moral principle, intelligence, piety, et. cet., and classing its opposition to slavery as highest in the scale of importance.

Out upon the time serving and pseudo-religious hypocrites! The patience ascribed to old Job could hardly endure the mischief-making, canting, lying, and slavish character of the religion and morals which have justly distinguished us as a community.

But we shall improve space—we are not past redemption. Light breaks in upon us and tho' convicted against our will, it exercises a healthful influence.

Our Congregational shepherd having given us over to hardness of heart and consigned us to the tender mercies of his devil, has recently left us and his charge here for quarters nearer the fountain and source of his piety and wisdom, to wit: on the right hand of Oberlin. The wicked people of the world here having made the discovery that the morals of community rather retrograded than improved under the influence of his labors, very justly (some think) refused to encourage them. May his God go with him!

Our friends, the Episcopal Methodists who have been wont to enjoy weekly, the stated preachings of the peculiarities of their dear Church, find themselves able, and many of them, no doubt willing to dispense with their weekly gatherings on each successive Sabbath, and now meet occasionally. Their Lord generally meets with them.

Last and least, the Liberty party which en-passant here is composed chiefly of friends who are attached to the two foregoing religious societies and also of Wesleyans (whom I had forgotten to mention as their meetings are held but monthly now,) polled at the last election but 26 votes instead of 50 to 60 as he had heretofore done. Alas! for the politico-anti-slavery-bumper-township of Medina County! There is however some solace in the reflection that altho' not many votes are polled as formerly, anti-slavery sentiment seems to be advancing.

Respectfully
H. G. SILL.

Lock, Licking Co. O., Jan. 24, 1848.

DEAR BROTHER:—

Since friends Walker and Curtis were here, there has been no small stir among the inhabitants of our village. Things went on tolerably smooth until after the first evening lecture, but as soon as the idea became current that the gentlemen spoken of were "come-outers," the words "eggs," "pails," "tar," "feathers," "brick-bats," and even "butcher-knives," were the most common phrases used. Men, who I had fondly hoped, were friends to freedom, "uncovered the tomahawk" and prepared themselves for defending "our domestic institutions." Every effort was made that could be made to impress the idea upon community that the gentlemen were "infidels," members of the "Tammany Hall Association," "Sabbath desecrators," "church destroyers," &c. But the worst feature in the case was, the most inveterate opposition and most vindictive vituperation emanated from professed Christians, and the most unbecoming assertions came from men who stood in high places in Christian bodies. And to cap the climax, on the following Sabbath a minister of the gospel, one who professed to deal the bread of life to mankind, took his dignified station in the sacred desk, and preached a sermon justifying the church in its connection with slavery and condemning the course pursued by our friends, when at the same time he did not know what their course was; because, owl-like, he shut his eyes against the light and refused to come out and hear what they had to say. Now let reason decide whether he was a fit judge of the doctrines propagated by those gentlemen. Out upon such men and a church that will support them!

How inconsistent and how incompatible with reason are such things. I can but think that it is the desire of dimes and popular applause that induces so called "watchmen on the walls of Zion," to "keep back part of the price."

How inconsistent and how incompatible with reason are such things. I can but think that it is the desire of dimes and popular applause that induces so called "watchmen on the walls of Zion," to "keep back part of the price."

ten craft is in danger, that they tremble at the approach of every billow. Their elect must surely be in a deplorable condition, or they would not fear the assaults of the evil one.

O ye hypocrite sectarians! ye cry peace, peace, when there is no peace. You have important charges committed to your trust, but you are not faithful to declare the whole truth, and thus fulfill the design of your mission. For filthy lucre's sake, you hold in reserve that part of the price which you are bound to dispense. How can you, as servants of the Most High, as watchmen on the walls of Zion, fold your hands and say you are truly a blessed people in the sight of God, and God is blessing all your efforts, when you are holding in your embrace persons who are guilty, and notoriously so, of every form of crime, from covetousness to adultery; theft, murder, cradle-plundering, and soul-trafficking.

S. C. B.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, FEBRUARY 18, 1848.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

Friends of the slave, fill up the list! Volunteers are needed! The exigencies of the cause demand them, and they must be had. The Executive Committee need your immediate aid—will you give it? Fifty subscribers to the following plan are indispensable—there ought to be a hundred, and would be, if all who profess to love the slave would do according to their ability. Send in your names without delay.

A Promise.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to pay to the Ex. Committee of the Western A. S. Society, \$10 for the support of the Bugle against the 1st of April 1848; with the understanding that in consideration thereof we are entitled to ten copies of said paper for one year, to be sent without further charge to such persons as we may direct, provided they are applied for before the 1st of July, 1848.

- 1 Isaac Trevelthick, Salem,
- 2 Wm. Lightfoot, "
- 3 Jas. Barnaby, "
- 4 Benj. S. Jones, "
- 5 J. A. Robinson, "
- 6 Lot Holmes, Columbiana,
- 7 T. Elwood Vickers, New Garden,
- 8 B. M. Cavies, Austintown,
- 9 Valentine Nicholson, Harveysburg,
- 10 Dr. Abraham Brooke, Oakland,
- 11 E. Poor, Richfield,
- 12 Danl. L. Davis, New Vienna,
- 13 Simon Dickinson, Chagrin Falls,
- 14 Saml. Brooke, Salem,
- 15 H. M. Cox, Rootstown,
- 16 Lydia Irish, New Lisbon,
- 17 Stephen Reed, Ellsworth,
- 18 Isaac Trevelthick, (3d pledge), Salem,
- 19 W. J. Bright, Hartford,
- 20 J. Millerbach, Leesville,
- 21 Harriet Ruby, "

Notice to Subscribers.

This week we send out bills, to those owing for the Bugle. We do this not to amuse them but as an urgent demand for what is our due, and we hope that all will feel themselves morally bound to forward the amount of their indebtedness immediately. If you have not the money by you, borrow it and send it by next mail, or hand it to the local agent if there be one in your neighborhood.

The receipts of the subscription list have, by no means, been sufficient to meet the expenses of publication. Prior to the first of October last, this deficiency was supplied by one individual who advanced a large sum out of his own pocket. He is now in immediate want of the money thus expended and his only means of repayment is from the money due for the Bugle previous to that time.

Will you who receive bills forward immediately the money, as requested in them? In some cases the bills include merely the even sum due up to the 1st of October, but generally they include a part of what has since become due, and the amount mentioned in a few of them, pays some weeks in advance. This plan was adopted in order to make the sums such as can easily be sent by mail.

If any should receive bills who have paid, they will please send us word immediately, stating as nearly as they can the time of the payment and to whom it was made.

JAMES BARNABY,
Publishing Agent.

To those Owning Pledges.

There is on the books of the Western Society a list of pledges made since the first of June last amounting to about one thousand dollars.

The Executive Committee is greatly in need of funds. Will not those owing pledges forward them? If those who have pledged considerable sums, cannot at present conveniently pay the whole amount, they will please forward a part, and thus relieve the Committee from its present necessities.

Congress.

Has now been in session over ten weeks.—The Washington press daily floods the land with the speeches of members, most of which may truly be considered most grievous inflections.

"However, we may find, no doubt, Some crumbs of comfort—and we need 'em; Knowing though speeches may come out, We are not always forced to read 'em."

Speech-making, is doubtless expected of most of the people's representatives at Washington; but talking without acting is hardly worth \$8 per day. The main object of the members appears to be, not to legislate for the good of the people, but skillfully to prepare the way for the presidential candidate, each political clique laboring to promote the success of its own favorite. And they are so afraid their king will be check-mated, that they dare not make an important move on the political chess board. The Ten Regiment Bill—the nail upon which many of the Washington speeches have this winter been hung—had not at the last advices been acted upon. The Whig members dread coming to a vote; and it is natural they should, for politicians have a kind of hydrophobic horror of defining their position when times are so critical as they now are. The political elements are in such commotion that the shrewdest sailor on the sea of party cannot calculate the effect of a move, and fears lest a sudden squall should come upon them from an unexpected quarter and prostrate all their hopes. We have read of sea captains buying good winds from Lapland witches, which they untied and set free as occasion might require; but if politicians had such dealings with Lapland or any other witches, the charm of the wind seller must have lost its power, for there is not a demagogue among the buyers who can tell with any certainty whether the knot he wishes, yet dreads to untie, will bring him a fair wind, or a storm that will beat right in his teeth.

But action of some kind we suppose will have to come sooner or later, and it may be that while we are writing, the democratic Senate, and the yet more democratic House have concluded, after ten weeks of talk, to do something—not because they wish to, but because they must; and whatever is done, will be done in obedience to the command of slavery, or else it will prove a rare exception to the practice of both houses of the American Congress. What a solemn farce it is for the people to send to Washington year after year, a parcel of men who pretend to act for the benefit of their constituents, and to labor for the establishment and protection of great principles, while they are ever bowing down to do the bidding of slavery, squandering the public money for the advancement of their individual or party's interest, and making the nation infamous in the sight of every lover of truth. But what better than this can be expected of such a heterogeneous mass as Congress is composed of? There are professed lovers of peace and men of war, duellists and anti-duellists, avowed abolitionists and determined slaveholders, men of piety and inveterate scoffers, tee-totalers and drunken blackguards, who all meet upon a common legislative platform, each recognizing every other as a fit lawgiver and ruler, a true representative of American republicanism and American morality, and bound together by the horrid oath of allegiance to this bloody Union.

The Black Laws endorsed by the Whigs.

We have sometimes almost been led to doubt whether there was sufficient moral principle in this nation to save it from the destruction its own iniquities threaten to bring upon it; yet we have hoped it was otherwise.

"Ten righteous would have saved a city once, And then hast many righteous. Well for thee That salt preserves thee; more corrupted else, And therefore more obnoxious, than Sodom in her day had power to be."

So few, so very few appear to be governed by moral principle, or to be susceptible of understanding the meaning of the words, that the labor of bringing the mass of the people up to date and to do for freedom, is as disheartening as to be compelled to make bricks without either straw or clay. It is perhaps well that reformers expect so little from political demagogues and priest-led sectarians, else they could not realize the truth of the old saying—"Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed."

Political parties have played so many tricks before high heaven, that it has come to be pretty well understood they are not safe hacks to ride on. And yet they deceive many into their support, they will promise anything and everything in order to obtain power, but their actions are often in striking contrast with their promises. Political swindling is not punishable by law, obtaining votes by false pretences is not a penitentiary offence, else would the Whig party of Ohio be tried and condemned as any other criminal. Every one can recollect the untiring effort it made last fall to procure votes, and the various reasons assigned why it should receive support. It went to every voter who was in the least tainted with abolitionism, and said—

"Gentlemen, I want your votes."

"We fear you are not sufficiently anti-slavery," said they.

"Indeed I am," said the party, "I am anti-slavery out and out."

"Will you repeal the Black Laws?" queried the people.

"Certainly," replied the party, "if you will only give me the power."

"We have half a mind to vote for you," said the people.

"Tis the wisest thing you can do," observed the party. "If these rascally Democrats have a majority in the Legislature, or should happen to elect their Governor, good bye to your hope of a repeal of the infamous Black Laws, at least so long as they have the power."

The Whig party procured the votes it wanted, obtained a majority in both the Senate and the House, and a Governor to back up the influence of its Legislators. It now sits in power at Columbus. What measure it chooses to carry, it carries; what it refuses to sanction, is lost. The harm that the Legislature of 1847, does, the Whig party are responsible for; for the good it refuses to do, the Whig party should be held strictly accountable.

Have the Black Laws been abolished?

What a simple question! Who would expect the Whig party to forfeit the good opinion of the dear South by any such move in favor of the "niggers"? Certainly no one who knows the party. The Black Laws have not been abolished, nor are they likely to be by the Whig party. The House of Representatives by a vote of 12 to 23 refused to wipe them from the statute book—they now go forth with the full and free endorsement of the Anti-Slavery Whig party of Ohio!

Comment upon such infamous conduct is needless.

THE COMMON SCHOOLS.—A friend has

sent us the annual report of the Secretary of State on the condition of Common Schools. It contains a large amount of statistical information which would be useful and interesting to those who desire to know the working of the common school system. The number of schools is 4,660, employing 5,216 teachers, and educating 75,291 pupils—that being the average number in daily attendance. The amount received by the teachers from the public fund is \$178,148, from other sources \$38,801.

The Secretary complains of the want of suitable buildings for school houses—many of them are uncomfortable and unhealthy; and to make study agreeable and profitable to children, they should have pleasant, well ventilated rooms, comfortable seats, competent teachers, and friends interested in their progress. This, the Secretary says has not been attained under the present law. Many parents and guardians of the children who attend the public schools, have but a faint appreciation of the benefits of education, and manifest but little interest in the progress of those under their care, which of course disheartens both pupils and teachers. The lack of sufficient funds has been a great disadvantage, both in furnishing the children with but four or five months education in the year, and in making it difficult to secure a competent teacher for so short a time. This certainly is a serious difficulty, and one which ought to be removed. An incompetent, or otherwise unsuitable teacher is a curse to the community in which he is tolerated—his influence is stamped upon the tender minds whose business it is his to train, and they go forth into the world, bearing ever with them the marks of his neglect or vice. A good home education, and a good school education will make virtuous men and women of the rising generation—if they have not the former, more need they should receive the latter.

NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF WM. W. BROWN.

Our thanks to the author for a copy of the 2nd edition of the above named work. We are glad his book was so well received as to make it necessary to print another supply. The second edition has been enlarged and otherwise improved. In addition to the likeness of the author, it is illustrated by three wood cuts, and contains an abstract of the laws, extracts from southern papers, &c. The work has had some circulation in the South, how extensive we know not, but sufficiently so it would seem, to enable Enoch Price of St. Louis, to learn the whereabouts of his fugitive slave, and to offer him his free papers if he would pay to the Boston agent of said Missouri slave claimant the sum of \$925.

We hope our friend Brown will be able to maintain his right to freedom without buying it, and maintain it in defiance of the Constitution which virtually declares him a slave in Massachusetts.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

The Senate of Kentucky has had a bill before it, appropriating two thousand dollars for the prosecution of certain persons in Michigan, who have been accused of harboring and concealing the fugitive slaves of some Kentucky man thieves. The more prosecutions of this kind under the Constitution, the less reverence will be felt for the "glorious union." Bye and bye the North will begin to discover that such a union is too expensive for an economical people, that \$500 fine for every fugitive slave she helps to escape, is a piece of extravagance she cannot indulge in; and the next move will be Nullification or Disunion—the latter if she is wiser.

Sale of Goods! Take Notice!

Those who were interested in the Fair at New Lyme know that many articles were unsold. Some of them have since been disposed of, but most of them remain on hand. It is very desirable that these goods which were given to aid the anti-slavery cause, should be converted into money; and as the members of the Salem Sewing Circle think the articles are just what the people of this vicinity would like to buy, and have moreover offered to superintend their sale, those who wish to procure any of them can do so by applying at the Rail Road Hall, Main St. near the Bank, on Wednesday the 23rd, when the first applicant will have the first choice.

Do you want a bed quilt? You will find plenty of them there, some of them very splendid too; you can take your choice, for there is a variety. If you do not wish a bed quilt you may find a cradle quilt that will suit you. From the number of babies' socks among the goods, and the stockings and mittens for children, and the little aprons and dresses, and caps and bonnets we should judge that the donor thought at least one half the world was composed of juveniles; and not only is clothing provided for the little ones, but there are dolls enough to delight a small army of children. There are plenty of articles too that adults need. Have you a horse? There will be an excellent bridle which is just the thing you need. A variety of needle books recently manufactured by the Salem Circle can be procured there—if you want a tasty one you can find it, or if you want one plain enough for aunt Sally or aunt Betsey you can be suited. You will also find there pin cushions, and toilet cushions, hand maps and other worsted work, some of it very beautiful, collars and bosoms, shoes, reticules, book-marks, needles &c. &c.

Those who wish to circulate anti-slavery documents, and thus keep the question before the people can procure them at the Hall on the day of the sale—such, for instance as the Narratives of Douglass and of Brown, both fugitive slaves, Phillips' review of Spooner, Brotherhood of Thieves, Madison papers, &c.

But we have not time for further enumeration, nor do we wish to write a catalogue.—Come and look for yourselves and buy what you want—come and be suited in a purchase, and at the same time benefit the anti-slavery cause. All the goods will be disposed of at reasonable prices; no articles will be sold on commission; and the entire proceeds will go directly to the spread of anti-slavery light, the increase of anti-slavery knowledge.—At the sale at Ravenna last summer, \$100 was taken, can Salem do less than double that amount?

The Hall will be open for visitors at 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning, and continue through the day and evening.

Admission six cents.

Cassius M. Clay

Appears desirous to maintain his anti-slavery reputation—at least in the estimation of some—and wishes the community to understand that he is as much of an abolitionist now as before he went to the wars; and is he not? We think a great mistake was made by some in the estimation of his anti-slavery character previous to that event, and we doubt whether there was anything in his views of slavery and emancipation inconsistent with a crusade against Mexico. His anti-slavery was based rather upon policy than principle; he contended not for immediate, but gradual emancipation. The benefit of the white man of Kentucky, and not of the slaves of America was the great desideratum with him—so at least we have understood his position. We can readily conceive how, with such views, he could fight Mexico, or to prove his allegiance to this government live in a Mexican prison. In doing this he sacrificed no principle, for with him no principle was involved in the movement, and policy may change with the rising and the setting of the sun.

But we designed to make no such comments upon his course. We took up our pen merely to introduce an extract from a letter he recently wrote to the Christian Register, and here it is:

"What is the basis of the whole fabric of Republicanism? That the majority rule.—That the legitimate end of government is to secure the rights of all, minorities as well as majorities, is true. But suppose that the imperfections of humanity fall short of the protection of all the citizens, what are you to do? Give it all up in disgust and fall back upon the unlimited despotism of a single man? Surely not. What then? Simply if we cannot all do as we please to do—let the majority do as they please to do.—Have you, gentlemen, found a better rule of action than this? Have you, knowingly and in good faith, entered into the partnership of the American government? You have agreed to play; you have put up the stakes; you have cast the die; you have lost! What say you—will you pay up? One pays up after a fight, another pays up after some grumbling and swearing, and the third pays up with a gentlemanly grace.—Now which is the honest and sensible man, A, B, or C.—the first, second, or last? You and I and the American people have formed this partnership of Republicanism: we have put up the stakes, we have said knowingly whatever the constituted authorities by legal majorities enact, that we will abide.

Congress says there shall be war with Mexico, we have said we are opposed to war with Mexico; we have done our duty; we have played the game and have lost! What shall we do? Shall we refuse to pay? You say, yes; I say, no. There is an end of it!

"Logic" brings us just to this point: shall we do what we have agreed to do or not? You say, no; I say, yes. You must either go with the government or dissolve the government. For my part, great evils as seemed to me the Texas inquiry and Mexican war, they were yet more sufferable than revolution and the dissolution of the union.—There cannot be any middle ground. If you refuse to pay when you lose, there is an end of all playing. If you refuse to carry out the enactments of government, there is an end of all government. Well, but the regular army ought to fight, not you, a volunteer.—Why ought the regular to fight? Because he is paid for it. Shall a man be excused for a violation of principle because he is paid? If I committed a crime in joining the army, then did every soldier, who believed the war unjust commit the same crime. Why then denounce only me? If I committed a crime in going to the war, then did every man in America, denying the justice of the war, who contributed money by paying taxes, or who gave aid and comfort to the army commit the same crime. If there was a man who opposing the justice of the war, who did not use all the energies and means, which, after providing first for himself and his, he owes universal man, in aid of the Mexicans and against the American army, that man committed the same crime.—I go boldly a step beyond all this, every man believing the Mexican war unjust, unless holding the doctrine of non-resistance, who did not take up arms against the Americans, and who was not ready to peril his life in the Mexican cause, that man committed the same crime. Let impartial reason then determine, who has been the victim of "logic" you, or I. Once more. The jury is the legal creature of the government; the prisoner has undergone a fair trial; all the forms of the law have been complied with; he is condemned to be hung to death. You individually think the man innocent, or you are opposed to capital punishment; will you hang him? If you think with me, you will, if not you will quietly retire and leave me to do it! You are a coward in such case. I say either hang him, or help him. So much for "logic."

"You must either go with the government, or dissolve the government." This we think a true position, and the arguments Cassius M. Clay has used to prove it, and the illustrations he presents are to the point. And we ask, reader, will you go with the government, or will you dissolve the government? Are you for obedience or for revolution? Are you for doing wrong as a part of the National organization, or for doing right as an individual? If you go for the government, then to be as consistent as was Cassius M. Clay—you must do as he did, and volunteer to fight the Mexicans.

Auburn Convention vs. National Era.

The Liberty League—which claims to be the legitimate Liberty party—at its recent convention at Auburn, N. Y., adopted the following preamble and resolution:

"Whereas, It is proposed to establish in the city of Washington a newspaper, which shall be the open and unqualified advocate of slavery, and, whereas, in the event of its establishment, it will be very important to have there a Liberty party newspaper also—a newspaper, which shall be efficient for the overthrow of slavery, by faithfully representing and inculcating the distinctive features of that party—the principle, for instance, that the Federal Constitution is a positively anti-slavery instrument; and that, instead of providing power, as this Editor supposes, even within the limits of a free State, it provides power to overthrow slavery within the limits of every slave State—the principle, for instance, that the laws, by which slaveholders retain their fellow men in slavery, are entitled to no more respect than the laws of any other parties; and that it is right—a high and heaven-requ岸 duty—the Editor of the National Era to the contrary notwithstanding, to advise and help slaves to escape from their prison house—the principle, for instance, that the Liberty party is, notwithstanding the contrary judgment of this Editor, a permanent party, and therefore, bound to look after all the political interests of the country; and to denounce not only slavery, but such other giant oppressions, as war and land-monopoly, and the traffic in intoxicating drinks, and commercial restrictions; and to lift up its warnings against secret societies: the principle, for instance, however it may be regarded by the Editor of the National Era, that no slaveholder is fit for civil office, and no person, who thunders a slaveholder fit to wield its sacred powers—the principle, for instance, however it may be regarded by this Editor, that no advocates of, nor apologists for slavery, nor 'dumb dogs,' who keep silence regarding it, are worthy of ecclesiastical confidence or patronage:

Resolved, therefore, That God helping us, we will promptly follow up the establishment of the contemplated pro-slavery press with the establishment of an anti-slavery press of the Liberty party type: And

Resolved, further, That we intend herein no disparagement of the eminent talent and literary excellence, which characterize the National Era, and no denial, that there are respects, in which that Paper is useful to the anti-slavery cause, notwithstanding the deep injury it does to it, among such as mistake it for an exponent of the views of the Liberty party; and among such as mistake the diluted and inoffensive doctrines of its columns for those stern, uncompromising, and glorious ones, by the power of which a Garrison and a Weld—a Goodell and a Green—have broken the guilty slumbers of the oppressive Nation, and prepared the way for the speedy deliverance of the slave.

Dr. Bailey of course receives this with all his usual equanimity; and in return, shows that the papers which the convention had previously appropriated \$500 to sustain, do not all of them by any means teach "stern, uncompromising, and glorious doctrines" in relation to chattel slavery—the Albany Patriot, for instance, which would hold on to Mexico by force; and Young America, the leading organ of the National Reformers, which considers slavery as a minor wrong when scourged with the land monopoly.

In regard to the controversy between the Liberty League and the Liberty party, it is a matter of indifference to us which whips; nor should we greatly mourn if they should illustrate the story of the Kilkenny cats, or that better one of the snakes which entirely swallowed each other.

A Revival Meeting.

The Methodists of this place have for some time been holding a religious meeting with the hope to magnetize some of the people and induce them to join their church. With what degree of success their labors have been attended, we cannot certainly say. We understand, however, that a few men, and quite a number of women and children have united with them. If these persons are enlightened in regard to the character of American Methodism, if they know what kind of a God the churches of this land worship, Humanity may well exclaim in the language of the litany of one of the sects, "From all such conversions, good Lord deliver us!" But the probability is, they were ignorant of what they did, that they were the blind followers of blind guides, or of guides who had better have been blind than to err wilfully—that they became intoxicated by sectarianism, and under its influence joined, they know not what, and consented to hold christian fellowship with them, they know not whom. The time will come, we trust, when their vision will become clear, and they will see the church as it is, and her ministers as they are; for the history of the American church and clergy will be so plainly written that a wayfaring man though a fool shall not err in comprehending it.

John P. Hale

In a letter to Samuel Lewis has signified his acceptance of the nomination of the Buffalo Convention, and says:

"It has been suggested to me, and indeed I have private letters to the same effect, that doubts have been expressed to some extent, and perhaps much more generally entertained than expressed, whether I really and truly am a 'Liberty party man' and belong to the Liberty party; and that it is expected of me that in this communication, I should clear up and solve these doubts. To do this it is necessary definitely to understand what is meant by the question. If by it, it is intended to ask, whether I am ready to co-operate with those who by independent, organized and individual action are striving to carry out certain principles such as those embodied in the resolutions of the Buffalo Convention, who desire to withdraw from the institution of slavery that support which it unconsciously receives from the General Government, and seeks its termination, by Federal action, where it exists under Federal jurisdiction, and State action where it exists under State authority, so that our declaration of Independence shall be something more than a rhetorical flourish, and the preamble of the U. S. Constitution, which declares, among other things, that it was ordained 'to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity' no longer be a cruel mockery, then I do belong to such a party. But if it be supposed or intended, that there is to be any magical influence in the name of 'party,' so that by joining it, I thereby subject my public conduct to the supervision or direction of its officers or committees, then I say most emphatically, I do not belong to any such party."

The writer speaks of seeking the termination of slavery "by Federal action where it exists under Federal jurisdiction, and State action where it exists under State authority." Does not this language imply that the General Government has no power to abolish slavery where it does exist under State authority? It strikes us thus; and if we rightly understand it, it certainly does not seem in perfect harmony with the doctrine taught by Liberty party generally, which is, that the Federal government has power to abolish slavery throughout the entire Union. This however must be borne with, in view of its availability, which is, at the present time especially, no unimportant word in the political vocabulary.

We are glad to see that John P. Hale is too much of a man to place himself under "the supervision or direction of its (Liberty party's) officers or committees." It is impossible the party may yet find that this nomination has placed them in the condition of the boy, who, after raising the flood-gate, became frightened because he could neither stop off the water nor control the machinery it had set in motion.

Some of the Whig papers say that if the Ten Regiments Bill becomes a law by the action of a Whig Congress, it will first have to pass through a "severe ordeal." Wonder whether it will become purified by the ordeal, and so divested of all evil that no harm will ensue from its passage! What bold men these Whig Congressmen are; if they do furnish men and money for the war because they are afraid of Polk and his party, they have at least sufficient courage to subject the written law to a "severe ordeal" before voting for it, and that perhaps is as much as should be expected from them.

THE COLORED REPUBLIC.—The constitution of the Republic of Liberia will not allow white men to become citizens. The colored freemen are determined to be equal to their colorless friends in America.

They do credit to their teachers, who, from Episcopalian Henry Clay down to Quaker Elliot Cresson have taught them the inviolability of complexional prejudice. It is just as silly and as wicked for them to exclude from equal constitutional privileges all who are not colored, as for Ohio to deny the same rights to all who are not white.

General Items.

Independence Hall, Philadelphia, and June 7th is the place and time where the Whig National Convention is to be held.

There are but three pin manufactories in the United States, and these furnish nearly all the pins used in this country. One of them turns off weekly about 39,781,000, done up in papers ready for store sale.

The English Post Office charges but two cents postage on a letter, and yet its yearly revenue is \$4,000,000.

The Paul Jones steamer, says the Louisville Courier, ran into the Major Barbour and injured her so much that she sunk before they could run her ashore. Only from five to eight persons were lost by this disaster. The river was wide and straight where the accident occurred, and it must have required considerable skill to bring the boats in collision. No one of course was to blame!

It is rumored that General Butler, the officer who succeeds Scott in command, has been directed to arrest N. P. Trist, the former U. S. Commissioner. If this be true the peace talked of as the probable result of Trist's labors, is mere moonshine.

The Erie canal cost seven millions of dollars, has been completed twenty-seven years, and has paid to its stockholders thirty-seven millions of dollars.

It is said that a pint of slacked lime to each hill of potatoes—the lime being covered in with the potatoes—will prevent the rot, and greatly improve the quality of the vegetable.

The Duke of Wellington sleeps on a narrow, hard bed, which scarcely affords room to turn over. He says when a man in bed wishes to turn, he should turn out.

By a law of Russia, no Emperor can occupy his throne more than twenty-five years.—Nicholas has completed the twenty-second year of his reign, and will accordingly have to abdicate in three years. We shouldn't be surprised if, after all, despotic Russia proves more democratic than republican America.

A patent has been applied for in Paris for making artificial stone of any and every quality. If Nature does not look sharp, Art will monopolize a good share of the business she has been doing for some thousands of years.

GEORGE HUNNEWELL, who was convicted of arson, and sentenced to death under the law of Massachusetts, has had his sentence commuted by the Governor. It was clearly proven to the Executive that Hunnewell was a poor imbecile man—one whose mental deficiency undoubtedly placed him beyond the pale of moral accountability.

Dr. A. Comstock, of Philadelphia, has published a Phonetic Testament.

Shakespeare's autograph, written on the fly leaf of a dirty, water-stained book, was recently sold in England for £9. The writing was so nearly illegible that a strong magnifying glass had to be used to discover it.

The weekly births in London average twelve hundred—the deaths one thousand.

The Assessors of Ohio report the value of real and personal property in the State to be within a fraction of \$110,000,000—enough to carry on the war with Mexico some two or three years longer.

A bill has been introduced into the Senate of this State, allowing every man of good moral character to practice at the bar.

In Sweden, water is used for blasting rocks in winter time. A hole is drilled, the water poured in, and the expansion caused by its freezing splits the rock. A globe of water one inch in diameter is said to be able to overcome all the resistance that thirteen and a half tons weight can present.

GENERAL SAM HOUSTON, the fitting representative of Texan Republicanism, lately made a speech to the unfettered democracy of New York, in which he asserted,

"There is not an American upon earth but what loves land. It is the fact, though I say so in my course and vulgar way. (Great applause.) Your ancestors, when they landed at Plymouth, upon that famous rock, were not contented with that barren spot, but proceeded in their night, and went on progressing at Jamestown as well as at Plymouth, till all the country was possessed by them. From the first moment they landed they went on trading with the Indians, and cheating them out of their land. Now the Mexicans are no better than the Indians, and I see no reason why we should not go on the same course now, and take their lands."

Nor do we, provided stealing land either from the Indians or Mexicans is right; but the fact that somebody else got somebody else's land by theft, or by bad trading, is a very poor reason why the United States should rob Mexico of her's.

If the General were at our elbow we should like to ask him how far south he would march the armies of the Anglo Saxon republic. Shall the furthestmost boundary of Mexico be the limit? If the Mexicans are no better than the Indians, how much better are the inhabitants of New Granada and Venezuela than those of Mexico? They are a mixed race, and therefore the rightful spoil of the Anglo-Saxon. Southward—the star of em-

pire takes its way." New Granada and Venezuela must be ours. Next comes Brazil with its sprinkling of white population. The same reasoning that justifies the conquest of the others, justifies the conquest of this; and Cape Horn is the only point where the invading army can rest upon its arms and feel that its mission is accomplished, and the "manifest destiny" of those who sent it fulfilled.

To Correspondents.

W. C. W. of B's Store, G. S. of H. and N. B. of B. In copying the names of new subscribers into the mail book, theirs were unfortunately omitted. We have just discovered the mistake and rectified it—are very sorry it occurred. They are credited by one year's subscription commencing with the present number.

J. W. W. His letter came to hand—should like him to send a few more of the same sort. The article quoted after was forwarded via N. G. some time since.

C. L. M. Her "Words of Counsel" shall have place next week.

NORTH CAROLINA.—There is a branch of the Wesleyan Methodists in North Carolina; and a recent number of the True Wesleyan contains a letter from their preacher, Mr. Crooks, in which, after speaking of the progress of anti-slavery sentiments there, he says:—

"It is the opinion of some of the most intelligent men of N. C. that she will be a free State before many years; and that in the event of a dissolution of the Union, N. C. will go with the North. The great spirit of Liberty is beginning to breathe upon the people; if her hosts but rally under her standard, inspired by a generous patriotism and noble philanthropy, resolved with the Spartan soldier, to return with our shields, or upon them, the day is not far distant, when, under the smiles of the God of Liberty her fair tree will shoot its top to the sun, and cast its cooling shades over the oppressed of every land. We believe the death warrant of American slavery is sealed in heaven, and the angel of mercy commissioned to execute it speedily."

It seems then that some in North Carolina are speculating upon the probability of a dissolution of the Union, and upon the stand that State will take when such an event occurs. We would suggest to such whether they had better not prepare for the event by practising upon a small scale, by withdrawing now, individually, from a union which sustains slavery.

SLAVE TRADE AT WASHINGTON.—Giddings has again been stirring the congressional fish pond. He offered a resolution to appoint a committee of five, to inquire into and report whether the slave trade is carried on in the District, what legal authority sustains it, and whether it is expedient at the present time to modify any of the acts of Congress regulating it. A motion to lay the resolution on the table was negatived 91 to 81, and as a member from Georgia signified his intention to debate the resolution, according to rule it was thereupon laid over.

WHAT NEXT?—An Illinois representative asked leave to bring a bill before Congress, providing for the admission of New Mexico and Upper California into the Union!

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"—The Gazette must decline the publication of an advertisement, headed \$100 Reward. We are not aware that such a paltry sum would tempt a reader of the Gazette to catch a boy about "ten years old, rather spare and delicately made, with black eyes, hair straight, though somewhat inclined to curl." Nor would any proposition of that amount induce them to harm a woman twenty-six years old, who is said to be "very respectful and pleasant when spoken to." No one would harm her when we say she is the mother of the "delicately made" boy, and of two other children also with her.

It is to be hoped that no one who reads the Gazette is so poor that he can be tempted to gain his bread by the money thus earned.—Famine alone in its most horrible form could tempt a man thus to sell his manhood, by turning an informer. No man who reads the Gazette, could eat bread which would be literally soaked in the bitter tears of a mother and her little ones, who with their hopes of freedom blighted, would be by his act given over more to the hands of their task-masters. If this family are within the limits of free Pennsylvania, we hope for the honor of the press, the State and of humanity, that no trace of them will be found through the medium of "the press." We are sure the advertisement has been sent us from one who does not read the Gazette, for no one who does, could thus insult its conductors and readers.—Pittsburgh Gaz.

WHO'S TO BLAME.—A band of depredators which had hitherto defied the police of Paris, has recently been discovered and apprehended. Listen to the opening examination of their leader Thibault, and say where the wrong lies:—"How old are you?" "As far as I can judge, about forty-five." "What is your profession?" "That of a thief."—"What was your father?" "A thief likewise, and died upon the scaffold." "And your mother?" "A thief also, and died in the prison of Grenol." "And, when you were thus left alone, why sought you not to learn another trade?" "Because I was driven from door to door; because no institution is open, either to those who sin or whose fathers have sinned before them."

POLK AND BURN.—The Louisville Journal says that—"A little over forty years ago, Aaron Burr was brought to trial on a charge of treason, for undertaking to raise within the limits of the United States the means of wresting Mexico from the dominion of Spain. It was treason then to dream of the conquest of Mexico, but it is now the height of patriotism to undertake it."

Temperance Mass Meeting. ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTH DAY.

The New Garden Total Abstinence Society intends holding a Mass Meeting, commencing on Monday the 21st. of Feb. 9, at early candle light and holding over Tuesday the 22. The following gentlemen have been invited and it is expected will be in attendance and address the meeting.

Mr. J. R. Williams, the old missionary, H. Ambler Esq. of Salem, Jacob Heaton, " D. M. Curdy, " Isaac Trescott, "

Dr. J. P. Grawell of Guilford and others. The Hanover Band have also been invited. Turn out friends of Temperance and spend the birth day of the (Father of his Country) in this glorious cause.

By order of the society, JOSEPH O. EVANS, Sec. New Garden, Jan. 20, 1848. [Homestead please copy.]

Receipts.

Josiah Bullen, Delaware,	1,00-128
" " 2d copy,	1,00-175
Alex. Shaw, Randolph,	1,00-132
Eleanor Heath, Andover,	1,50-169
Allen Rheubator, Mayville,	2,00-131
Nathan Ball, Pottersville,	1,00-138
Ediz. Lukens, Marlboro',	1,00-229
Ed. Hoops, Fallston,	25-126
Prudence Putnam, Rome,	1,00-157
F. H. Loomis, New Lyme,	1,50-183
Jonathan Weaver, Salem,	1,00-181
Robert Hewson, Grafton,	1,00-181
Jno. Mosher, Wampum,	2,00-121
Levi Martin, N. Lisbon,	1,00-181
Homer Spencer, Hartford,	1,00-181
Edith Davis, Economy,	2,00-74
Ann Hickland, Lima,ville,	2,00-171
David Woodruff, Salem,	1,10-146
Ed. Sharpless, Lowell,	1,00-166
R. L. Acheson, Mogadore,	1,00-128
F. S. Johnson, Salem,	1,50-164
Matthew Simons, Greensboro',	2,00-157
Silas Harris, Mt. Union,	1,50-156
J. Maxwell, Liberty,	2,00-132
Amos Line, Linsville,	1,00-156
Z. Stone, Kinsman,	1,00-141
Jno. B. Neale, Lowell,	1,50-156
Jos. Stacy, do	1,50-162
Geo. Sherriff, Harveyburg,	1,00-182
Nathaniel Brewster, Bellbrook,	1,00-182
W. C. Winter, Beson's store,	1,00-182
Dr. R. Kester, Leatherwood,	3,00-147
M. T. Johnson, Short Creek,	1,00-156
H. Prindle, Campbellsport,	2,00-113
S. Dole, Portsmouth,	50-131
H. H. Morgan, Brickville,	50-132
S. H. Morgan, do	1,50-170
P. J. Buck, Granford,	1,00-181
Jas. Northrup, Fowler's Mills,	1,00-170
John Callahan, Salem,	3,25-112
Geo. Haggman, Hickory,	1,00-182
Elizabeth Price, Leesville,	1,00-182
John Q. White, do	50-156
Mashak Moreland, do	1,00-182
Samuel Holmes, do	1,00-182
Joshua Forbes, do	1,00-182
John Walbee, do	1,00-182
J. Price, do	1,00-182
C. Jolly & Jenkins, Seio,	1,00-182
Alpheus Bartow, do	1,00-182
Luther Brown, Patch Grove,	1,00-182
Jonathan Davis, Berlin,	1,00-182
John Buck, do	1,00-182

☞ Please take notice, that in the acknowledgment of subscription money for the Bugle, not only is the amount received placed opposite the subscribers name, but also the number of the paper to which he has paid, and which will be found in the outside column of figures.

☞ It was stated in a previous number, that the expenses of Wm. Lloyd Garrison's illness at Cleveland, were \$100; and an invitation was extended to those who wished to aid in defraying them, to send their donations to the Treasurer of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—such contributions to be acknowledged through the columns of the Bugle.

Amount previously acknowledged,	45,50
Jas. Brockway,	1,20
Rumsey Reeves,	1,00
Lymen Peck,	1,00
Marcena Miller,	1,00
Jas. H. Baldwin,	50
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☞ THE SUBSCRIBERS take this opportunity of informing their friends and the public generally that they have commenced the Wholesale Grocery Commission and Forwarding business, under the firm of Gilmore, Porter & Moore. All consignments made to them will receive prompt attention. Upon the reception of such, they will give liberal acceptances if desired—charges reasonable.

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Books for the People.

Just received at the Salem Book-Store, Human Rights, and their Political guarantees, by E. P. Hurlbut.

Woman, her Education and Influence, by Mrs. Hugo Reid, with notes by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. The Philosophy of Mesmerism. Book of the Teeth. Book of the Feet. Combe's & Fowler's Physiological and Physiological works, &c., &c.

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All offered on the most favorable terms, by D. L. GALBREATH. Salem, Jan. 5th, 1848.

POETRY.

The Armies.

BY DUANE.

PRESENT.

Have ye seen the marshalled armies,
Threat'ning heaven with dire alarms?
Gorgeous banners wave above them,
Flash like flame their gleaming arms!
Lo! their steeds the earth are trampling—
Hark! their hozen trumpet's clang,
And the sulph'rous clouds of battle
Like a pall above them hang.

Shakes the ground beneath their onset—
Quakes the sky with answering dread;
And the iron wail of battle
Whirls about with clashing tread;
Flash the flaming tongues of muskets—
Peals the cannon's angry roar—
And the shell's loud diapason
Swells the awful din of war!

Reson-like, sweeps on the tempest,
Iron drops of murderous rain,
Thunderous fall the bolts of battle,
Crimson rivers cross the plain;
Islands rise where fall the bravest,
Islands rise of steeds and men;
From the earth they spring to being—
To the earth are fired again.

Iron hoofs are on men's bosoms—
Hearts are crushed by cannon wheels;
Still the drum-beat gaily sounds—
Still the cheering bugle peals.
Ranks, like chaff, are swept from being
In the winnowing whirl of fire;
Still the trumpet merrily clings,
Still the flags are mounting higher!

Back, far back, behind those armies,
Move with feeble steps and slow;
Ranks of pale and faded maidens,
Clad in garbs of sable woe;
Lines of orphaned babes and widows,
Dying mothers—childless sires,
Merrily still resounds the bugle,
Brightly gleams the battle fires.

FUTURE.

Son! look forth where shines the Future,
Lo! where march, in radiant lines,
Glorious hosts with snow-white banners,
Banners bright with holiest signs:
Gleams the Press in golden glory,
Shines the Plough in silken pride,
Waves aloft the fishing Avon,
Floats the ponderous sledge beside.

Stalwart men, with limbs of iron,
Bear those gleaming flags aloft;
Men with lips and eyes of gladness,
Valiant souls and hearts of love;
Rings o'er earth their loud hosanna,
Swar to Heaven those banners fair:
Hark! the eternal concave echoes,
Labor! labor! work is prayer!

O'er earth's plains sweep on those armies!
Mountains fall beneath their blows;
Lo! they choke the level of snows!
Roll their plumes through black morasses,
Roll their cars through desert's gloom:
Dark mists flee before them;
Shrinks in dread the hot Simoom!

Gleam with golden grain the deserts,
Shine the swamps with flow'rs ret bright;
Still march on those glorious armies,
Wave their flags in radiant light:
Ocean's storms to them are playthings;
Chained are Earth, and Fire, and Air;
Merrily rings their loud-voiced anthems,
Labor! labor! work is prayer!

Following close these conquering armies,
Dancing on with twinkling feet,
White-armed maidens and flower-crowned
children,
Haste those warrior men to greet.
Hands are clasped in holiest union,
Joy, like incense, soars above!
Hail! Great God! the industrial armies!
Hail the Eternal Feast of Love!

Western Exchange, Phila., Dec. 11, '47.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Saturday Evening Post.
Treating a Case Actively.
A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

I was once sent for, in great haste, to attend a gentleman of respectability, whose wife, a lady of intelligence and refinement, had discovered him in his room lying senseless upon the floor.

On arriving at the house, I found Mrs. H— in great distress of mind.

"What is the matter with Mr. H—?" I asked, on meeting his lady, who was in tears, and looking the picture of distress.

"I am afraid it is apoplexy," she replied. I found him lying upon the floor, where he had, to all appearance, fallen suddenly from his chair. His face is purple, and though he breathes, it is with great difficulty.

I went up to see my patient. He had been lifted from the floor, and was now lying upon the bed. Sure enough his face was purple, and his breathing labored, but somehow the symptoms did not indicate apoplexy. Every vein in his head and face was tinged, and he lay perfectly senseless, but still I saw no clear indications of actual or approaching congestion of the brain.

"Hadden't he better be bled, Doctor?" asked the anxious wife.

"I don't know that it is necessary," I replied, "I think if we let him alone it will pass off in the course of a few hours."

"A few hours! He may die in half an hour."

"I don't think the case is so dangerous, madam."

"Apoplexy not dangerous?"

"I hardly think it is apoplexy," I replied. "Pray, what do you think it is, Doctor?"

Mrs. H— looked anxiously in my face.

I delicately hinted that he might, possibly, have been drinking too much brandy; but to this she positively and eloquently objected.

"No, Doctor, I ought to know about that," she said. "Depend upon it, the disease is more deeply seated. I am sure he had better be bled. Won't you bleed him, Doctor? A few ounces of blood taken from his arm may

give life to the now stagnant circulation of the blood in his veins."

Thus urged, I after some reflection, ordered a bowl and bandage, and opening a vein, from which the blood flowed freely, relieved him of about eight ounces of his circulating medium. But, he still lay as insensible as before, much to the distress of his poor wife.

"Something else must be done, Doctor," she urged, seeing that bleeding had accomplished nothing. "If my husband is not quickly relieved, he must die."

By this time, several friends and relatives, who had been sent for, arrived, and urged upon me the adoption of some more active means for restoring the sick man to consciousness. One proposed mustard plasters all over his body; another his immersion in hot water. I suggested that it might be well to use a stomach pump.

"Why, Doctor?" asked one of the friends.

"Perhaps he has taken some drug," I replied.

"Impossible, Doctor," said the wife. "He has not been from home to-day, and there is no drug of any kind in the house."

"No brandy?" I ventured this suggestion again.

"No, Doctor. No spirits of any kind, nor even wine in the house," returned Mrs. H—, in an offended tone.

I was not the regular family physician, and had been called in to meet the alarming emergency, because my office happened to be the nearest to the dwelling of Mr. H—. Feeling my position to be a difficult one, I suggested that the family physician had better be called.

"But the delay, Doctor," urged the friends.

"No harm will result from it, be assured," I replied.

But my words did not assure them. However, as I was firm in my resolution not to do anything more for the patient until Doctor S— came, they had to submit. I wished to make a call of importance in the neighborhood, and proposed going, to be back by the time Doctor S— arrived; but the friends of the sick man would not suffer me to leave the room.

When Doctor S— came, we conversed aside for a few minutes, and I gave him my views of the case, and stated what I had done, and why I had done it. We then proceeded to the bedside of our patient. There were still no signs of approaching consciousness.

"Don't you think his head ought to be shaved and blistered?" asked the wife, anxiously.

Dr. S— thought a moment, and then said:

"Yes, by all means. Send for a barber; and also a fresh fly blister, four inches by nine."

I looked in the face of Doctor S— with surprise. It was perfectly grave and earnest. I hinted to him doubt of the good that mode of treatment would do. But he spoke confidently of the result, and said that it would not only cure the disease, but, he believed, take away the predisposition thereto, with which Mr. H— was affected in a high degree.

The barber came. The head of Mr. H— was shaved; and Doctor S— applied the blister with his own hands, which completely covered the scalp, from forehead to occiput.

"Let it remain on for two hours, and then make use of the ordinary dressing," said Doctor S—. "If he should not recover during the action of the blister, don't feel uneasy. Sensibility will be restored soon after."

I did not call again, but I heard from Dr. S— the result.

After we left, the friends stood anxiously around the bed upon which the sick man lay; but though the blister began to draw, no signs of returning consciousness showed themselves further than an occasional low moan, or an uneasy tossing of the arms. For full two hours the burning plaster parched the tender skin of H—, a shorn head, and was then removed. It had done good service. Dressings were then applied; repeated and repeated again; but still the sick man lay in a deep stupor.

"It has done no good. Hadden't he better send for the Doctor?" suggested the wife.

Just then the eyes of H— opened, and he looked with half surprise from the face of the anxious group that surrounded the bed.

"What in the mischief's the matter?" he at length said. At the same time feeling a strange sensation about his head, he placed his hand rather heavily thereon.

"Heavens and earth! He was now fully in his senses. 'Heavens and earth! What ails my head?'"

"For mercy's sake keep quiet," said the wife, the glad tears gushing over her face. "You have been very ill. There, there, now, and she spoke soothingly, 'don't say a word, but lie very still.'"

"But my head! What's the matter with my head? It feels as if scalded. Where's my hair? Heavens and earth, Sarah! And my arm? What's my arm tied up in this way for?"

"Be quiet, my dear husband, and I'll explain it all. Oh, be very quiet. Your life depends upon it!"

Mr. H— sunk back upon the pillow from which he had arisen, and closed his eyes. He put his hand to his head, and felt it, tenderly, all over, from temple to temple, and from nape to forehead.

"Is it a blister?" he at length asked.

"Yes, dear. You have been very ill. We feared for your life," said Mrs. H— affectionately. "There have been two physicians in attendance."

H— closed his eyes again. His lips moved. Those nearest were not much affected by the whispered words that issued therefrom. They would have sounded very strangely in a church, or to ears polite and refined. After this he lay for some time in quiet.

"Threatened with apoplexy, I suppose?" he then said, interrogatively.

"Yes, dear," replied his wife. "I found you lying insensible upon the floor, on happening to come into your room. It was most providential that I discovered you when I did, or you would certainly have died."

H— shut his eyes and muttered something with an air of impatience. But his meaning was not understood.

Finding him out of danger, friends and relatives retired, and the sick man was left alone with his family.

"Sarah," he said, "why in Heaven's name, did you permit the Doctors to butcher me in this way? I'm laid up for a week or two, and all for nothing."

"It was to save your life, dear."

"Save the —!"

"Hush! There! Do, for Heaven's sake! be quiet. Every thing depends upon it!"

With a gesture of impatience, H— shut his eyes, teeth and hands, and lay perfectly still for some minutes. Then he turned his face to the wall, muttering in a low, petulant voice—

"Too bad! Too bad! Too bad!"

I had not erred in my first and last impression of H—'s disease, neither had Dr. S—, although he used a very extraordinary mode of treatment. The facts of the case were these:

H— had a weakness. He couldn't taste wine nor strong drink, without being tempted into excess. Both himself and friends were mortified and grieved at this; and they, by admonition, and, by good resolutions, tried to bring about a reform. But, to see was to taste, to taste was to fall. At last, his friends urged him to shut himself up at home for a certain time, to see if total abstinence would not give him strength. He got on pretty well for a few days, particularly so, as his coachman kept a well-filled bottle for him in the carriage-house, to which he never unfrequently resorted; but a too ardent devotion to this bottle, brought on the supposed apoplexy.

Dr. S— was right in his mode of treating the disease after all, and did not err in supposing that it would reach the predisposition. The cure was effectual. H— kept quiet upon the subject, and bore his shaved head upon his shoulders, with as much philosophy as he could muster. A wig, after the sores, made by the blister, had disappeared, concealed the barber's work, until his own hair grew again. He never ventured upon wine or brandy again, for fear of apoplexy.

When the truth leaked out, as leak out such things always will, the friends of H— drew a hearty laugh; but they wisely concealed from the object of their meriment the fact that they knew anything more than appeared of the cause of his supposed illness.

From the London Christian Miscellany. The Irish Boy's Lament.

O, thin, don't shut the door awhile; won't some of ye listen to me, for 'tis a sorrowful story I've to tell. The shining beams of the blessed heaven on yer head, my lady! and let me spake a minute while the hunger leaves me strength. O, little I tho't I'd ever be driven from the stranger's thrashal. For I wasn't always houseless and friendless. It wasn't long since I was happy an' contented in my father's house in the mountains beyant, but wirra true 'tis empty an' desolate now. The fire has gone out on our hearth stone, an' my hand will never be strong enough to kindle it again. Many a night I sat by it, listening to old stories, or hearing my mother sing, and her lip light dancing up and down her face, an' her voice rising an' falling so beautiful, till in spite o' me, my eyes filled up with tears. That was the pleasant crying; but many is the bitter one from 'em since.

The blight of the hard year fell on our crops, my lady, an' this come starvation where full and plenty war afore. A woe some change came over us all; everything was sold to gather the rent; even my own little goldfinch; sure 'tisn't that I grieved it. Mother didn't sing then, and when she tried to spake joyful, to cheer my father up, she'd shake in her voice, and her lip light bleeding; and they both had a frightened look; no wonder, wid famine staring 'em in the face. For we'd be a whole day, an' more, maybe, widout eating food, and couldn't get it anyhow; an' I'd go to bed sick an' fainting like; but I didn't mind myself at all at all, only my little sister, Norah. In all the country round there wasn't a prettier child, for her cheeks of pink and snow, an' her white forehead, wid the yellow hair on it, like gold rings, only a softer shade; an' shining eyes, the color of the sky in June.

O dear! the hunger bore heavy on the innocent child, an' she had out all the dimples in her face an' faded the red blush, an' her eyes sunk back in her head as if all the tears she cried put out the light in 'em. An' oh, lady! she would have gone to her heart's heart to see her hold out her long thin hand, an' hear her young small voice, that used to be laughing all day, a'xing for bread, an' none to the fore. Then mother 'ld soothe her to sleep, an' her face working all the time. The sob would be on Norah's heart, an' she'd sleep. But one night after being stupid like a whole while, she roused up to say, 'I'm very hungry; an' before the words 'ere out of her mouth, she stretched herself out on mother's lap, and died. Well, I sat on greatly at that; but mother said God had taken her from the misery, an' she wouldn't be hungry again, for the angels in heaven were feeding her. Thin I thought only for mother, I'd like to go too. Father berried her widout a coffin.

She was the first I ever saw die; but 'twasn't to be long a strange thing to me. My father got work at last, but the power to do it was going fast. And mother 'ud keep the last bite an' sup in the house for him, when he'd come in, and make him believe that she ate afore, and pretend she was giving him her laving, an' laugh an' joke with him. O, but her heart had a queer sound thin, just like the crushing of her heart; it 'ud make my flesh creep; but you war always finding everybody, baring yourself, mother dear! I heard 'em say no one could drive a spade deeper nor my father once, but hunger is stronger nor the strong man; when that is tugging at the inside, thin the arm is very weak. He fainted over his spade, an' was soon lying down in the fever. We war out of the doctor's way, an' the priest was always out, an' a weight of sickness on my father, an' no nothing to quinch the thirst that was perishing him, baring a can of cold water from the straw aloft the door.

Day an' night mother sat beside the whisp of straw that kept him from the floor. O, but his face was hot and red, his two eyes like lightning coals, an' a puff of his breath 'ud burn ye, an' he saying such out-o'-the-way things in his wanderings. Well, we thought he was getting cold; but sure enough, 'twas Death's own cold fingers upon him, for he got quite sensible, and said to mother, 'Norah, a'chula ma chree, put your hand under my head, an' raise me; the sight is leaving my eyes, but let me feel ye kissing me; and then he died off quite aisy, just as the day dawned, an' the spirit died in me too, but I couldn't help staring at mother. As soon as she had stooped the body, she asked her son for his last words, an' he said, 'I'm laid up for two days may-be. I thought all her tears were used up; for her eyes war dry as dust. Then war the sorrowful days.

There was food in the house thin, but we couldn't taste it; 'tis very aisy to give the body enough when the heart is full. On the third day she wrapped him in her old cloak and called me to help her; so we carried him to the grave ourselves, widout shroud or coffin, for the neighbors war too hard put to it to keep themselves alive to mind us, or our dead. Sure 'twas the great God gave strength to mother that day, for nothing was too hard for her. We scraped out the earth and berried him. Mother didn't speak all the time, less her, and put her face atone her hands and thin she got up quite stout and walked home so fast that I could scarcely keep up wid her. No sooner war we in than she fainted away; an' when she came to, 'Thank God he's berried!' says she; 'Thin I'm gone, my dear, if ye war to go on yer bended knees to the neighbors, make 'em put me down beside him. That won't be long,' she said, 'for I hear him calling me.' I thought maybe she was tired, an' entreated her to eat, but she wouldn't. Thin she put her arms round me, an' drew me to her, and called me her fair-haired son, her fatherless boy, and said the orphan's God would protect me. I forgot the pulse of her heart stopped when father laid low, and when she said 'Go to sleep, darlint, for ye need it now,' I slept in her bosom for I was tired. When I woke, my forehead was agin something cold. O, thin 'twas mother's neck, an' the hand I held was stiff. She was dead! A hard sorrow was nipping her heart, an' it fluttered like a bird in a light grip, and at last it got away. Thin I was alone. Thin came the grief and the heart trouble intirely. Though I could hardly crawl, I got to the house and brought 'em to see if she was dead all out for though 'twas plain enough, I wouldn't believe she was gone in earnest, an' thought it might be weakness, an' she'd get the better of it. But when all failed, thin by a dale of coaxing I got a man to put her beside my father—I think she wouldn't rest aisy any where else; an' when she rises from the grave she'll see I kept her word. O, thin, didn't I feel bitterly when she was covered up from me, an' I lost the hand that used to stroke down my hair, an' the loving words and the sweet smile! I always stay beside the grave except when hunger, that has no nature in it, drives me away.

Those fine bright days don't agree wid me at all. Once I used to like to see the sun dazling, and the strames looking up so good-humoredly at him; but now everything seems swimming before my eyes, full of blinding tears, an' the sky seems laughing at me, an' the little birds in 'em seem to be making game of my grief. But sure they have no feeling that way, the cratures! An' the only thing that gave me any comfort, was this morning, when I saw a little flower in the grass wid the dew on it. I don't know why, but it seemed sorry for me; it looked like a blue eye full of tears. No one else spake kindly to me since my mother died but it; for didn't it spake! Yes, it told me the great God made it, an' sent it there to comfort me; an' to say He'd mind me, the last on the stem. So I thanked him on my knees, although I don't know much about Him at all. I wish I did.

Thin when I looked up, I thought of Norah, an' how happy she was; looking down, maybe wid her face all covered wid sunshine; an' I felt a sort of gladness; but when I remembered my father an' mother, the pain shot through me again. For they say they're in purgatory, and must stay there a long time for dying widout the clergy. That's what kills me intirely; to think of my poor father that never said an ill word to me, and my own gentle-tempered, soft-natured mother that would lift a worm sooner nor tread on it, to be in such burning pain! My head burns when I think of it. I'd rather live anyway, for couldn't be there looking at mother suffering; an' I know I wouldn't go to heaven, because I'm not innocent, like Norah. If I'd only strength, I'd wear my kness out, praying round the 'stations' to get 'em out; but that will never be, for my heart strings are tied round my mother and they're pulling me into the grave, for death couldn't loose 'em.

I was a child afore all the woe happened to me. I don't feel like a child now, though I'm not many months since, for, O lady, my heart is grown old. I didn't break my fast since yesterday; but when I try to ax for something, the blood comes into my face, an' my tongue won't spake for me. An' when I do tell my story, 'tis too common a one to be minded, an' they won't believe I'm telling truth; for they don't know how heavy my heart is, or the squeezing in my heart. People are pitiful at all now; nothing shuts up the heart like famine; it is cruel and wonderful power, for it puts mother out of my head. Sometimes I'm afraid I'm too weak to get back to the grave. I wouldn't leave it at all, only for fear of the purgatory.

Lady, your speech is gentle, an' your eyes are full, like the flower in the grass. Ye say ye will shelter an' feed me. O, if ye could give me back my darling mother! An' ye say she isn't in purgatory; but, my dear, my good Son took her to Himself. Blessings on yer fair head, my lady, 'tis kindly meant. O, if I could believe that! An' ye say I may go straight there too! It would raise my head to think so. If ye'll only teach me how, I'll live to serve ye. I'll go to the world's end to do yer bidding. I'll die to serve ye; yes, twice over for yer sake.

CHLOROPHORM AND ETHER.—The advantages which chloroform possesses over ether are—1. The smaller quantity required; thus rendering it more portable. 2. The absence of the state of excitement or stimulation, which almost invariably attends ether, and sometimes to an inconvenient extent. 3. The greater rapidity and certainty with which the patient is brought under its influence. 4. The more complete and longer-continued state of perfect insensibility produced. 5. Chloroform does not leave any disagreeable odour about the breath or clothes of either patient or operator; in fact, chloroform has a very pleasant, fruit-like, though transient smell. 6. No headache or other unpleasant effects are left behind. Dr. Pruthi, of the London Lancet. [The medical journals contain several accounts of the successful use of chloroform.]—Jerrill's News-papers.

Heaven shortens not the life of man; it is man that does it by his crimes. Thod mayest avoid the calamities that come from Heaven; but thou canst never escape those which thou drawest upon thyself by thy crimes.

From the Methodist Protestant. Anecdotes of Little Father Andre.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "PREDICATORIANA."

"Little Father Andre" holds a distinguished place among those original preachers, whose sermons are seasoned with bon mots and ingenious sallies. He generally mingled pleasantry with instruction in order to entertain his hearers. His family name was Boulanger. He was born at Paris in 1582, was of the order of reformed Augustines, and died in 1657. Some anecdotes will serve to illustrate at once the singularity of the man, and the license of the times.

Once, while he was preaching in a country church, a pack of cards flew out of his sleeve, and fell among the audience. Every body began laughing. The preacher, without being in the least disconcerted, called on the larger children that happened to be there, to collect them together; and as they brought them, inquired how the different cards were called. The answers were all promptly given. He then put some questions out of the catechism, which, however, they were unable to reply to. Then addressing the fathers and mothers—

"Is it thus," said he, "that you neglect the education of your children? You introduce them to the vanities of life, and by the most criminal carelessness, permit them to lose their immortal souls." The impression produced was powerful, and every one perceived that the cards were brought purposely to introduce the pathetic appeal.

Declaring one day against the gallantry of the ladies, whose manners at that time were very corrupt, he said there was one in the congregation whose licentiousness was known to him, and that he was going to point her out, that she might be covered with confusion for her sins. "But no," said he, checking himself, "I will not name her—Christian charity forbids. And yet, shall I compromise vice? No! What, then, shall I do to remove the difficulty? I will hit her with my culotte," (a leather cap which was worn in his day.) As he said this, he suddenly raised it as if about to throw, and added, "Look! look! there she is just there!" All the women in front of the pulpit dodged to escape the threatened blow, when the preacher cried out, "Goodness! I thought there was only one, and here are more than a hundred!"

Being requested to announce a subscription in order to raise a sufficient sum to procure the initiation of a young woman into a sisterhood, which was then required of females taking the veil, he commenced his sermon, "Sirs, I am instructed to recommend to your charity a maiden who has not cash enough to take the vows of poverty."

This facetious monk once began a sermon with, "The pope is grass, the king is grass, the queen is grass, musicians, the cardinal is grass, you are grass, I am grass, all flesh is grass."

Preaching in a monastery which had recently been struck by lightning, Father Andre expatiated upon the goodness of God, who took, as he would show, special care of his creatures. "For," said he, "among other evidences, consider what has happened to this holy house in which I am preaching.—The lightning struck the library and consumed it, but injured not a single monk. If, however, it had unfortunately fallen upon the dining-room, or buttry, how many brethren would have been killed! how many tears shed! what desolation would have ensued! Thanks, O my God! eternal thanks for the regard which thou dost show to thy elect!"

There was a bishop who had never ventured to ascend the pulpit, who, having conceived some grudge against Father Andre, forbade his preaching within his diocese. "As for that," replied the monk, "I forbid his preaching anywhere in the kingdom."

In a sermon on the wicked rich man, the same preacher made the comparison of a poor man to a hen, and of the rich man to a lap-dog. "As long," said he, "as the rich man is alive, God treats him as the ladies treat their little lap-dogs; they share all their dainties with them, and cover them with ribbons, down to the very tail. But when the dog dies they throw him on the dunghill.—The hen, on the other hand, is but a poor creature that gets nothing but offal to eat; but after her death she is served up with honor at the table of the master. So the rich man, during his life, is happy, but after death is tossed into hell, whilst on the contrary the poor find their place in Abraham's bosom."

Having been apprised that an eminent lady, notorious for a loose and extravagant life, was present in company at his sermon, or the "Prodigal Son," he described minutely her equipage, in giving an account of the style in which the young man left home.—"He had," said he, "six horses of an iron grey, a handsome coach with scarlet curtains, with gold lace, housings all covered with ar-morial bearings, pages and lacques, dressed in yellow, etc."

Speaking of the word *Hosanna*, which is sung on Palm Sunday, and of the children who bore branches of it on Christ's entry into Jerusalem, he said, "These children were up a tree; I can't think of the name of this tree just now, but I will tell you by and by." After the sermon was finished, and the preacher was about to descend from the pulpit, he said, "Appropos to that tree about which I was talking, brethren, they call it a sycamore."

What parallel to Father Andre have we seen in our own day? P. G. S.

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"It is a dread disease, which so prepares its victims, as it were for death; which so refines it of its grosser aspect, and throws around familiar looks, unearthly indications of the coming change—a dread disease, in which the struggle between the soul and body is so gradual, quiet and solemn, and the result so sure, that day by day, and grain by grain, the mortal part wastes and withers away, so that the spirit grows light and sanguine with its lightened load, and feeling immortality at hand, deems it but a new term of mortal life—a disease in which death and life are strangely blended, that death takes the glow and hue of life, and life the gaunt and ghastly form of death—disease which medicine never cures, wealth warded off, or poverty could boast exemption from—which sometimes moves in giant strides, and sometimes at a tardy, sluggish pace, but blow or quick, is ever sure and certain."

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